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THE SKETCH



No. 1470. — Vol. CXIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



THE FIRST POST.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LÉO FONTAN.

(Original in the Possession of Reschal and Delebarre, 21, Rue Joubert, Paris.)

A Star as a Star – at the Shaftesbury.



ETHEL WARREN IN "THE GREAT LOVER": MISS JULIA JAMES.

Miss Julia James followed Miss Virginia Fox-Brooks in the part of Ethel Warren, the young American operatic star in "The Great Lover," at the Shaftesbury, to M. Maurice Moscovitch's Jean Paurel. The play soon became one of the outstanding successes of the

London stage. Miss James is not only a popular stage favourite, but has sat to many of the best-known portrait-painters of the day, including Ambrose McEvoy, whose portrait of her was exhibited recently at the Grafton Galleries.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Looking Backwards.

A few mornings ago I received through the post a package which looked, on the face of it, quite ordinary and unemotional. On opening the package, however, I had a sudden rush of blood to almost every part of my anatomy. It contained a large number of letters written by myself (to a near relative) between the ages of six and sixteen. At sixteen, it seems, this correspondence suddenly ceased. But not without warning. "I am not," I wrote, "a good correspondent by any means; far from it."

That remark reveals, I think, astonishing prescience in a youth of sixteen. Up to that age, as a matter of fact, I had been a very good correspondent. This package in itself proves as much. But I evidently began to feel creeping over me a violent distaste for letter-writing. I warned my near relative, therefore, and broke the shock.

The first letter of the series consists of forty-three words in all. Both the calligraphy—I hope that is the word I mean—and the literary style are bold. My deepest thoughts were transferred to paper with admirable swiftness. Addressing the letter from Portishead, I said: "I like H—— better than Portishead." Here, at the age of six, was a firm opinion, firmly expressed. I may add that I have never since visited the unfortunate Portishead, but I

you will admit, were nearly all justified.) "And the other day H—— left the summer house door open, Frolic got in and killed the female rat!"

As the papers say, "Entire Family Wiped Out."

The First Heart Touch.

My feminine readers will be wondering whether these letters were written to a cousin. They were not, but the first stirrings of sex emotion are visible at the age of eleven. This particular letter, I remember, had to be left open for the inspection of my headmaster—a censorship which filled me with fury and wrecked my style.

It begins in the most guarded manner. "Trains pass close to here about every half-hour. Some of the boys collect the names and numbers of the engines. Once I counted a luggage-train with eighty-three trucks"

Padding, of course, and tremendously circumspect. I go on to record, cunningly, the headmaster's prowess on the cricket-field. After this sop to his vanity, all suspicion presumably being lulled, the real object of the letter is revealed. "How are all your companions, especially one? I don't know her name, but she sits in a corner."



BEAUTIES OF "SYBIL": A GROUP FROM THE SUCCESS AT DALY'S.

This photograph shows a group of the pretty girls who appear in "Sybil," the successful new musical comedy at Daly's. They are in elegant negligé attire, holding lamps in their hands.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

still remember gazing with awe at a gentleman who lived near us and wrote real songs. His name was F. E. Weatherly.

An Ironical Note.

In the next letter, the ironical note is struck for the first time. The victim of this scathing affair, none the less bitter for the fact that pencilled lines keep the writer within bounds, was the once-beloved village of H——.

"So you are come back are you?" (thus colloquially we open). "I for one are surprised to hear it. How is H——? Does it want waking up? If it does, my word you will have some work to get it awake again! I pity the dog and the hen that were out in the city amongst all the strife of it, especially on such a fine day when the streets must have been crowded. Please excuse this scrawl as I don't feel in any mood for writing."

The third letter, written some two years later, records a tragic event that is still vivid in my memory.

"One morning I went down to my rats and put my hand in the sleeping place and there were a lot of young ones. I ran up and told A—— and she made them some bread-and-milk. We took it down and put it in the cage. I felt my hand in for them. The mother had eaten them!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" (Those notes of exclamation,

The Riot at H——.

The next letter deals with no less an incident than a real riot. A wealthy, middle-aged tradesman, father of eight, divorced from his wife, had arrived in our village from a neighbouring city, carried off one of our young and lovely maidens, and married her! Not content with this atrocious conduct—I forget now why we were so incensed; there may have been aggravating conditions—he must needs take his rouse that night in our leading hotel! This was altogether too much for the villagers, who, led by "Mr. T——," (the local bank-manager) stormed the hotel.

"First of all," I wrote, "the people only yelled and groaned, but when the police interfered they began to get angry. Mr. T—— marched up and down with the band—a pot-and-kettle band, of course—"hissing and groaning all his might. The police got hold of a man and locked him up. While they were gone the window-breaking was glorious. Then B———that was the Don Juan bridegroom—"did a foolish thing. He drew his revolver and fired in the street, but above the houses. After that the row went on till about 11.30 p.m. I stopped till the end. Results: (1) 18 large windows smashed. (2) 1 man in the lock-up. (3) Mr. T——, Mr. H——, and others summonsed."

The maligned H—— could wake up when occasion demanded.

River Gods of To-Day: The Light Blues.



CARICATURED ATHLETES: THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE CREW.

The Boat Race is one of the great sporting events in which everyone is interested, and as it is rowed to-day (March 30), our Artist has had to caricature the crews in advance, and hopes that no last-moment occurrence will alter their composition! Mr. H. O. C. Boret, Mr. H. B.

Playford, Mr. J. A. Campbell, and Mr. P. H. G. H. S. Hartley are all Old Blues. Even as late as a week before the race, it was not definitely decided whether Mr. Fremantle would be fit enough to row on the day of the race, but he was hoping all would be well.

DRAWN BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

River Gods of To-Day: The Dark Blues.



CARICATURED ATHLETES: THE OXFORD BOAT RACE CREW.

The Oxford Crew are pictured on this page—with the addition of one nice little flapper who is asking Mr. P. C. Mallam for his autograph. Mr. W. H. Porritt, the cox, like Mr. M. H. Ellis, Mr. S. Earle, Mr. W. E. C. James, and Mr. D. T. Raikes, is an Old Blue. Our

caricaturist has something to say about each member of the crew, and begs "Sketch" readers to remember that he had to do his portraits before the event. A fine race was expected, as both crews have done exceptionally fast practice rows.

DRAWN BY H. F. CANTHER SMITH.



More About Mariegold



"If you own a coal-mine you don't live over it," I said. I was explaining why Lord and Lady Gerard have given up Garswood. Two days after they left it, it was derelict. We saw it in that condition—a vast house in the excessively competent hands of the decorators, which meant that the baths were full of spring blinds, and the copper saucepans were lying about in the porch.

It meant, too, that certain rooms were barricaded by porters—A.P.M.s in aprons. And the lawns themselves were flayed alive, the

take you by the arm when they show you the way; and their religion. The whole city goes to the "pictures" on Saturday night. There is something rather commonplace in that. But when one sees the same population going in equal strength to early Mass on Sunday, one is interested. It is like being in Ireland—in an Ireland without murder competitions.

Since then we have had strenuous London days, strenuous because we have been pulled in two directions—between gay people who are more gay because spring has come, and serious people who are more serious. The stirring of the long year works both ways.

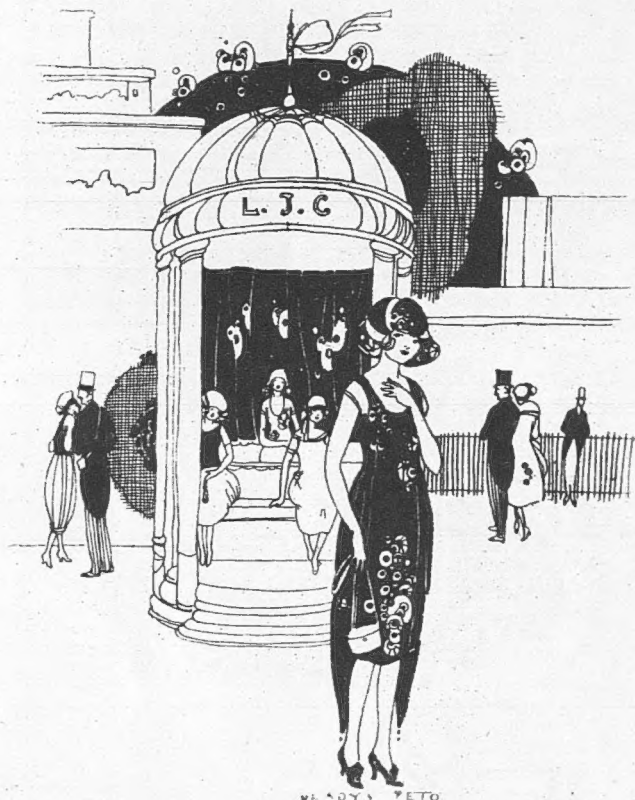
In Portman Square one knew spring had come, because Cynthia Asquith and Joan "Islington" were playing tennis there. We watched them, and pretended Portman Square was Cannes.

And then the same day we found ourselves in the midst of all the women of weight and consequence at the Irish meeting at the Central Hall—Lady Frances Balfour, Lady Aberdeen, Lady Sykes, Lady Bonham Carter, all taking leading positions, and some making speeches.

Lady Bonham Carter certainly can speak. She talks like a clever undergraduate at the Oxford Union.

Lady Aberdeen speaks like a doctrinaire Don. At least, there she did. At the Lyceum Club a few days later we found her in a more tea-party-and-cigarette mood, and liked her better.

But the palm went to Miss Bondfield, who must be the most eloquent person in the British Isles. In any case, even without a "star" turn like hers, the average woman speaker is on a higher level than the average man speaker, and they air views which are more stimulating—the views that get stifled in the Press. Lady Horner, who would be named for any Women's Cabinet, was there too.



1. Angela has now decided to form a Ladies' Jockey Club. She imagines that they will have a decorative stand at all the race meetings, and that she will be a very important personage as the foundress—pointed out by everyone.

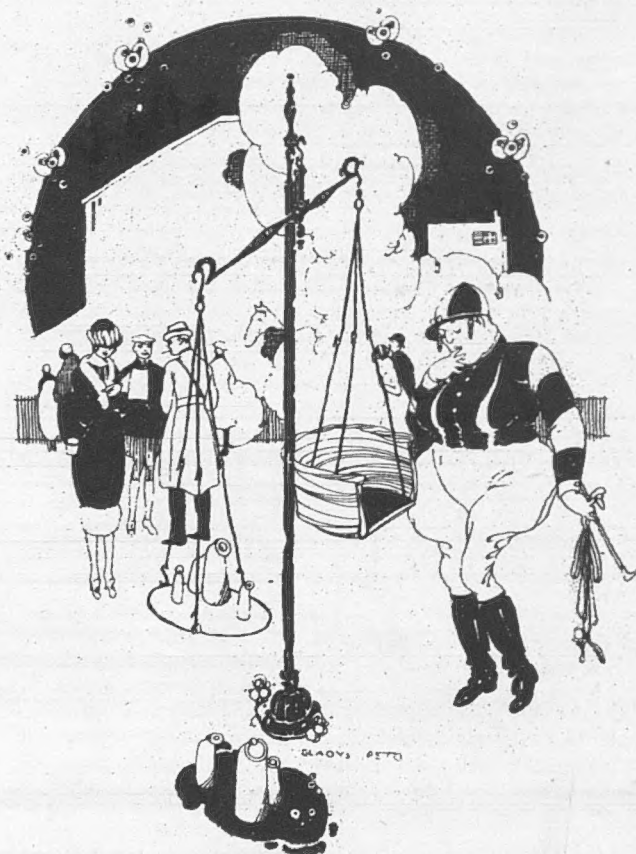
top two inches of turf having been taken off and made into rolls, like linoleum, for removal.

But the Gerards themselves had decamped two or three days before, leaving their agent, a man without nerves, to watch the devastation.

"Never since I saw Trentham demolished," said Mariegold, "have I seen anything quite so sad in the house line. I was at the Trentham sale, and there too one saw industrialism putting its sooty fingers on a great mansion. The grass was sooty, the sky was sooty—even the moonlight, I remember, was sooty. And Duchess Millicent kept away from that sale, just as the Gerards kept away from Garswood."

Here, at Garswood, a few miles from Wigan, a certain blackness certainly was in possession. You did not detect it under your very eyes. Things seemed perfectly clean when one touched them. A precious little first edition of Richard Crashaw's poems, dated 1646, was as fresh as when it was printed. That was why, when the library came under the hammer, I bought it and put it in my pocket to console me that evening in my abominable Wigan hotel. Mariegold was not staying the night. She had motored over from a distance, and left again after tea in the coach-house, with her car full of quilts and books and tea-pots—not by any means a distinguished collection; but to have departed without anything would have been worse still.

But if Garswood was actually clean, there was, as I say, a pervading spirit of blackness. Or was it imagination, working on all the nasty things one has heard said about Wigan? The town struck me as not unattractive, with three good features—the shawls of the girls, which are so proper; the friendliness of the inhabitants, who



2. Aunt Babsie doesn't know anything about the Jockey Club, but she has always longed to be a jockey, so she joins at once. But she is disturbed to find one must be weighed in. She resigns forthwith—and uses up her becoming kit as a fancy dress.

And as for the opposition reported in the papers—it sounded as if the speakers had a bad time—there was none, save from two Ulster ladies who monotonously called out "Traitor."

And then, at another extreme of feminine achievements, those Slade Sisters! They are before private audiences what the Trixie Sisters are at the New Oxford. And comparing them does not go against the amateurs—much as one loves the Trixie Sisters!

They were inimitable as old people entertaining soldiers, and in "Shutting the Park" and "I Do Not Want a Negg for My Tea."

Comic songs are in vogue. People go to the halls to pick them up with as much appetite as they did in the eighteen-nineties, when



3. Angela asks Kitten and Pussie to be Stewards, as they are so unpleasant if one does not ask them to join things. Then Angela discovers them feeding the horses they haven't backed with dough-nuts just before the principal race. . . .

there was the first big boom. I saw Lady Randolph at the Pavilion just before she went to France.

Mariegold tells me of Lord Portarlington and his new business. "Lord Portarlington," she says, "is one of the house-painting Peers. I came across him in the middle of a job—measuring walls and preparing an estimate. He's gone into business, and can furnish anything from a coffin to a ball-room—for other people. As for his own places, he has been selling things out of one of them, Emo, in Queen's County—the library, at any rate, seems to have been dispersed. Rather hazardous, selling goods in Ireland just now.

"In a country where life is cheap, other things are apt to go cheap too; but the Portarlington Americana fetched a good sum, I imagine—better value than when the Powerscourts sold their books by calling in the local booksellers (so the story goes), who arrived with scales and bought folios and quartos by the hundredweight! But that was years ago!"

"Social excommunication—impossible, *na poo*, extinct as dodos and duels," said Mariegold, as we discussed a subject much in the air as present.

She may be right. The theory that Germans must not bathe in the Mediterranean nor be bitten by the mosquitoes of Bordighera won't hold. As years roll on, it will be difficult even to stare them out of countenance in the best hotels, or to make them choke in confusion when they sip the best vintages.

"You remember Lady John Somebody-or-Other who said, 'I can't afford orchids, but I spare no expense on foreigners—they make one's parties so decorative'?" I asked. "Well, we don't feel that way so keenly as we used to. The passion for collecting Polish pianists or Portuguese nobles went out about the same time as the passion for blue and white."

"But foreigners collect us instead," said Mariegold. "At the Czecho-Slovak Legation they have just knocked two rooms into one in order to have more space for dancing, and dancing there will be in Grosvenor Place, I can tell you, before very long. The foreigners are making a mark in London nowadays not so much because we lionise

them as because they set the pace themselves. Look at the Chilean Legation, on its great Grosvenor Square corner. Nobody asked them to! But they are there by virtue of enterprise and great wealth, and we are all more than pleased to go and help them spend it in ices and beeswax!"

"But to return to this boycott business, you were saying—?" I reminded her.

"Oh, I was saying that it doesn't work. I have had a letter from New York telling me of its collapse among the Four Hundred. It collapsed long ago, of course; but every time a woman sets herself up as the choragus of the Four Hundred, there is another collapse. Of old, it was the great Mrs. Astor, and she worked it better than anybody. If she said you were an outsider, you probably stayed outside. But there was revolt even in her case. Then came Mrs. Whitelaw Reid to damn or bless social aspirants. But her son married a nobody—probably a very nice nobody, but still it made Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's position more difficult.

"Since then Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is the arbiter of good taste in men and women, or comes as near being so as anybody is allowed to be nowadays. But I gather that Clare Sheridan's presence in New York has brought about a small crisis. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt thought it better if Mrs. Sheridan were not greatly encouraged. Other people wanted to entertain Mrs. Sheridan. The closed-door policy had yet another collapse—"

"Naturally, Mrs. 'Corney' and Mrs. Sheridan do not agree. Mrs. 'Corney,' you know, has the largest collection of photographs signed by Royalty in America. And Mrs. Sheridan—non-Bolshie though she be—has the largest collection of Bolshie portraits in the world."

Colonel and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, I hear, may find a house, after all, in Carlton House Terrace. They would have liked No. 1 probably, with its very lofty associations. But there are other numbers hardly less distinguished.

"One girl only with bobbed hair," is the report from a big party. The one girl was Eleanor Smith, Lord Birkenhead's daughter.

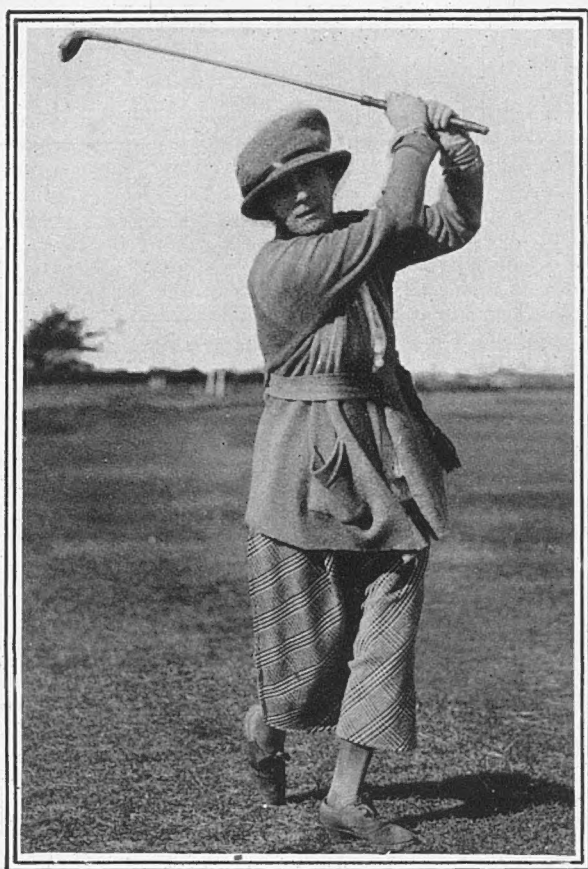


4. . . . And doping the horse they do fancy with champagne! And this after Angela has explained that they must be of "unquestioned integrity." So they have to resign—and so does Angela. The life is too wearing, and that's the end of the Club.

Where are the others? They are in hiding, half-way between bobbed and the other thing. They are waiting, Mariegold tells me, for back hairs to grow up and be negotiable.

And why are half the damsels of London doing this? It is a scare lately released in Mayfair. To keep bobbed hair pretty it must be constantly clipped—almost as constantly as a man's. And a man, the scaremonger expert says, grows bald because he has his hair cut so often.

ON ONE OF THE BEST OF THE FRENCH



THE WIFE OF CAPTAIN CHRISTIAN COMBE :
LADY JANE COMBE.



OUTSIDE THE GOLF CLUB-HOUSE : THE
HON. MRS. HENRY MULHOLLAND.



ON THE LINKS : COLONEL
ALINE



WITH THEIR LITTLE GRAND-DAUGHTERS : LORD AND LADY
DUNLEATH.



UNDER INSTRUCTION : LADY COWANS
DURING A LESSON.

The golf course at Biarritz is considered one of the best in France, and has been patronised this year by many well-known people. Lady Jane Combe is the sister of the third Marquess Conyngham, and wife of Captain Christian Combe; the Hon. Mrs. Henry

Photographs specially taken for

COURSES: SOCIETY GOLFERS AT BIARRITZ.



VIVIAN, D.S.O., AND LADY
VIVIAN.



A SPANISH SOCIETY BEAUTY:
MME. PIDAL.



PLAYING AT BIARRITZ: MRS. PAGET, THE WIFE
OF CAPTAIN PAGET.



A PRACTICE SWING:
LADY HEADFORT.



IN THE SUN NEAR THE CLUB-HOUSE: MRS. D. W. BOULAY AND THE MARQUISE
DE SAN CARLO DE PEDROSO.

Mulholland is the wife of Lord and Lady Dunleath's son; Lady Aline Vivian is the sister of Lord Portarlington. Lord and Lady Dunleath are shown with their two little grand-daughters—the daughters of the Hon. Mrs. John Vernon Saunderson.



THERE is no lack of matter for a humorous designer in these days. The pencil of the satirist may well be busy, and it has been busy. If you had come to the *vernissage* of the Salon des Humoristes you would have seen how the Paris caricaturist is more malicious than his English *confrère*. There were some things

shown at the exhibition that really hurt. I advise all *nouveaux riches* to stay away from this show. Still, have you not remarked that the victim is usually the last person to become aware that anybody is poking fun at him? It is this lack of self-recognition, *n'est-ce pas*, that makes the joy of all social conversation. How delicious to get in sly thrusts under the fifth rib at which everybody, including the unconscious subject of this malice, smiles!

Les Humoristes do not try in the least to disguise their sarcasm. The craze for dancing offers them an excellent theme. Philologically, no doubt, they are wrong in supposing that the Shimmy is a word derived from the French *chemise*, but the definition of the dance as one in which you shake your shoulders

COMING DOWN THE "LADIES' MILE": MISS BARBARA DANIELS AND MISS PHYLLIS DANIELS.

This snapshot shows Miss Barbara and Miss Phyllis Daniels, the little daughters of Sir Percy and Lady Daniels, taking a stroll in the Park.

Photograph by T.P.A.

violently until whatever it is which supports the *chemise* gives way is at any rate descriptive enough. Then besides the dansomania and the weirdest feminine eccentricities there is an inexhaustible fund of fun in Bolshevism. Bolshevism may be a serious matter, but in some of its aspects it has added to the gaiety of nations.

That drawing of the King of Spain at Auteuil by Sem is exceedingly droll, though scarcely flattering. An amusing contribution by Albert Guillaume has been much remarked. It shows how the rôles of man and woman have been reversed. In a railway carriage it is the smart Parisienne who, lighting her cigarette, says to the man in the corner: "*La fumée ne vous gêne pas, au moins?*" Then there is a picture by Forain—"L'Acquittement"—showing the supercilious advocate, proud of his own eloquence, whose hand is being gratefully kissed by the released prisoner. The attitudes are cleverly caught.

This Salon has become one of the fashionable events of the season. It is perfectly respectable. There are practically no exhibitions which can be regarded as shocking. That kind of humour still flourishes in certain Paris illustrated papers, but on the whole it is voted dull and rather old-fashioned. Why, when Marinetti was here a little while ago he actually proposed that all studies of the nude should be prohibited for ten years! Not on moral grounds, of course, but in the interests of variety.

There are some remarkable ironic designers working now. There are, among others, Hansi, Alsatian, castigator of German heaviness; Willette, with his poetic crayon, the idol of Parisians; Sem, the satirist of the tango; André Warnod, of Montmartre; Hamman, with his sculptured wooden figures reminiscent of the work of Caran d'Ache; and many more.

It is a far cry from the dancing-hall as conceived by Les Humoristes to La Maison de l'Œuvre, where Mme. Yvonne Sérac the other evening tried to introduce the dance without music. I liked her attempt, but I was not completely convinced that all the modern interpreters of the dance are wrong and only Yvonne Sérac is right. Her idea is that the dance requires no support from any other art. It is true, is it not, that whether it is Maud Allan, or Isadora Duncan, or Pavlova, or Loïe Fuller, or the classical, the Swedish, and the Russian Ballets, they all give music a place in the performance at least as important as the dance itself? Indeed, more and more stage dancing becomes an interpretation, a visible expression, of music.

Let me not be betrayed into a discussion of aesthetics. In this Easter Week I have no unpleasant designs upon my readers. Without wishing to begin a fierce controversy which will excite the British public, let me simply record that Yvonne Sérac, having come to the conclusion that we are wrong to link up the dance with music, has created in Paris what she calls *la Danse dans le Silence*. Very interesting it is to watch her representing with amazing technical skill all kinds of human emotions, and placing before our eyes living little poems of line and motion. The trouble about silent dancing is that boards will creak. Still, here is a daring experiment that I hope will be repeated many times.

So you are to see Sarah Bernhardt in London at last. Do not dare to speak of it as a farewell. Somehow that word annoys the wonderful woman who for nearly half-a-century has been the pride of the Paris stage. There may have been better actresses, but there has certainly never been such an extraordinary woman. Her greatness is almost beyond compare. Way back before you and I were born she was achieving her triumphs. To-day as she receives her visitors in her *loge* at the theatre, on in the drawing-room of her beautiful home on an outer boulevard, she displays the same vivacity that she still shows on the scene. The author of "Daniel," in which she has won her latest triumphs in France—M. Louis Verneuil—has just married Mme. Bernhardt's grand-daughter!



YOUNG SPORTSWOMEN WITH THE SURREY AND BURSTOW: MISS VIOLET LEVESON CHATTING TO MRS. EGLESTON'S DAUGHTER.

Our photograph shows two young sportswomen at a meet of the Surrey and Burstow at Godstone. They are Miss Violet Leveson and Mrs. Eggleston's little girl.—[Photograph by P.I.C.]



A WELL-KNOWN DRAMATIC AUTHOR IN THE ROW WITH HIS DAUGHTER: MR. ARTHUR WIMPERIS AND MISS ANN WIMPERIS.

Mr. Arthur Wimperis, the well-known dramatic author, is a keen sportsman, fond of hunting and fishing. Our photograph shows him riding in the Park with Miss Ann Wimperis, his little daughter.—[Photograph by P.I.C.]

If it were not so hackneyed, it would be good to quote Tennyson's "Brook"—Men may come and men may go, but she goes on for ever. If it had not been said of her so often, one would say without qualm that age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety. But, indeed, what is there new to say about the Divine Sarah? Henry James said the last word about her in 1876. Who am I that I should attempt to repeat it in 1921?—SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Experts and a Beginner: Snaps from Biarritz and Pau.



WATCHING HIS BALL: SIR ALEXANDER NAPIER OF NAPIER.



HAVING HIS FIRST LESSON: LORD BECTIVE, SON OF THE MARQUESS OF HEADFORT.



PLAYING FOR PAU AGAINST BIARRITZ: THE HON. HENRY MULHOLLAND.



AN EX-AMATEUR CHAMPION: MAJOR A. G. BARRY, PLAYING FOR BIARRITZ AGAINST PAU.



WITH MR. SPENCER GOLLAN, THE WELL-KNOWN GOLFER: LADY DUNLEATH.

Our page shows some well-known people on the golf links at Biarritz and at Pau. The Hon. Henry Mulholland, son of Lord Dunleath, and Mr. Spencer Gollan played for Pau against Biarritz for the Kilmaine Cup, and Major A. G. Barry, the ex-amateur champion, was one of

the Biarritz side. Lord Bective, elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, is shown in our photograph taking his first lesson at Biarritz; and Sir Alexander Napier of Napier is another golf enthusiast, who has been spending a good deal of time on the links there.

Photographs specially taken for The Sketch by Alfieri.

Third Sister of a Fourth Marquess.



THE WIFE OF MR. HARRY FARQUHAR DE PARAVICINI: LADY EVA DE PARAVICINI.

Lady Eva de Paravicini is the third sister of the fourth Marquess of Cholmondeley, and the wife of Mr. Harry Farquhar de Paravicini, whom she married in 1913. Her sister, Lady Marcia, is the wife of

Mr. Percy John de Paravicini, M.V.O., and both families have houses at Datchet. Lady Eva is well known in Society, and is a keen golfer. This is her latest portrait.

Photograph by Bassano.

The Wife of an Adviser to the King of Siam.



FORMERLY MISS FRANCES CLYTIE GREENSTOCK : MRS. CHARLES JAMES RIVETT-CARNAC.

Mrs. Rivett-Carnac is the wife of Mr. Charles James Rivett-Carnac, late Financial Adviser to his Siamese Majesty's Government. She is the daughter of Canon Greenstock, and was married in 1906. Mr. and

Mrs. Rivett-Carnac possess a house in Jersey, where they spend most of their time. Mr. Rivett-Carnac is a keen yachtsman and all-round sportsman, and is also a musician and plays the violin.

Portrait Study by Bertram Park.

"Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"

FASHION was ever an unreasonable jade. Following the decree of no fathomable depth of purpose, she sends us all, this year, to dine at least twice a week at Orestes, the little new restaurant in the Crescent beyond the Metropole at Monte Carlo. Certainly, if noise is the object, you find it. And if you enjoy sitting at a tiny table, where the arms and legs of the occupants of other tiny tables interfere at unfortunate moments with the clear passage of your fork to your mouth; if you delight in having the overflow of your neighbour's champagne bottle mistake your head for an empty glass; if you positively revel in dancing amongst fifty couples in a space meant for five; above all, if you do not mind paying an enormous price for all these privileges, your valour may be rewarded occasionally by the sight of the great of this world vying with each other in still more valorous resolution to make the best of it.

That is the sort of thing my Lord and Master said about it when I meekly suggested following the other sheep. He was d—d if he would! He preferred the Paris. What was wrong with The Hermitage or the Ciro's, or even the old Metropole? "Nothing," I replied coldly. That was just it. They were all "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, dead perfection—no more," and although probably the late Lord Tennyson's relations will object to my sacrilege, I am encouraged by the conviction that at any rate one scion of the noble house won't misunderstand—I refer, of course, to the Honourable Lionel, than whom no one on earth would appreciate Orestes more. But I did not see him there. I *did* see (for, of course, the Lord and Master is only a modern man, after all, who gave in with good grace at the end of a quarter of an hour), a great friend of his wife (she is a daughter of Lady Glenconner—the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson, I mean), Lady Diana Cooper entertaining a large party—the happiest party of all, perhaps. She was in excellent spirits herself, and looked quite beautiful in an enormous gold head-dress—a mediæval, close-fitting cap with great side-wings. But she did not dance, preferring her seat with her back to the becoming red curtains, where her friends pelted her with little red and green and blue toy balloons; and long, multi-coloured feathers with burrs attached hurtled through the high head-dresses of Lady Bingham and the Duchess of Westminster (the new one, who was dining with her very own Bend 'Or), and Mrs. Cox, the beautiful wife of the great banker, whose little short name still sends a shiver down the spine of most soldiers whose accounts are perennially overdrawn; and Lady Lavery's cropped Titian head surprised everyone into so many epigrams that the dancers were dizzy; and Lord Rochdale pirouetted with his tennis partner, Mrs. Satterthwaite, and with Mrs. Brinton (the popular hostess—who, as Mrs. Willie James, used to entertain King Edward so often), and Sir Arthur du Cros's ward—such a pretty girl, with enough strength of mind to wear a becoming and

simple day hat, quite the best protection from the microscopic electric lights that show up and magnify the least atom of powder or rouge—not that she, in her youth, needed any such protection. And over the heads of a hundred *inconnus* suddenly there floated

a gigantic pig—a fat balloon of a pig, as only the mind of a Frenchman could conceive—and the Duke of Westminster punched it till the crowd yelled, and General the Hon. Sir Cecil Bingham (something or other in waiting on the King—not, as was asserted somewhere last week, Master Cutler of Sheffield) punched it harder still, till (*sic transit gloria mundi*) notoriety faded as all voices proclaimed the advent in mid-air of a still more grotesque creature, a manikin, all tummy and top hat, who was finally hurled from the artistic hands of Sir John Lavery straight into nothingness. But its soul lives. It was a happy, inconsequent companion here. Such things do not altogether dissolve. The smell of gas suggested finality, but we who were there know better. Fifty years hence, when Orestes has given way to Laodicea, perhaps, and when all of us are dead, the granddaughters of beauties of to-day will find certain solace in the murmuring of the palm-trees. By then, thought-transference will have been perfected, and no words will be necessary. Each will commune with the merry, if short-lived little manikin so heartlessly slain by her ancestors, and re-echo again that one long, joyous burst of laughter that followed his sudden collapse.

But Orestes is not the best school for lawn-tennis. The La Festa courts at Monte Carlo were blamed for a good deal of bad play, whereas midnight dancing, and smoke, and too much food and drink account for at least half the surprises.

And Mentone was conspicuous because, for once, Suzanne Lenglen did not win the mixed doubles. No, the world has not come to an end;

she was not beaten. She was forced to scratch as her partner was called suddenly back to England; so Miss Ryan and Mr. Gordon Lowe won an easy victory. In an earlier round Mrs. Beamish and her partner, Major Ambrose Dudley, put up a plucky fight against the world's most brilliant Suzanne and Mr. Wallis Myers; but by far the most amusing match to watch was Suzanne and Miss Ryan against Mr. Gordon Lowe and Mr. Hillyard. The two girls defeated the men in two straight sets—winning the first by six games to one, and the second by seven games to five! It was an exhibition match, and was arranged on the spur of the moment, immediately after Jack Hillyard had been entertained to a champagne luncheon by Lord Rochdale; but even a cigar and liqueur brandy won't explain away some of the shots—and life won't be worth living in the tennis world (or any other) until the honour of the strong sex is retrieved. It makes even me (Irrepressible Jane) more irrepressible than ever;

and my Lord and Master eats out of my hand in abject humility. Almost, it might have been *me* who helped Suzanne to win! Mrs. Beamish was bubbling with the delight of it; and I shan't be

(Continued overleaf).



THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AT CANNES: SIR FRANK BARNARD, K.C.M.G., ON THE GOLF COURSE.

Sir Frank Stillman Barnard, K.C.M.G., who has been at Cannes recently, is a distinguished Canadian. He is Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, and was elected a Member of the Canadian Parliament in 1898. He was created a K.C.M.G. in 1916.

Photograph by Naville.



WINNERS OF THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANNES: CAPTAIN SMART, COMTE DE POLIGNAC, CAPTAIN PALMES, AND LORD ROCK-SAVAGE (L. TO R.).

Our photograph shows the team who won the Open Championship of Cannes, beating the Foxhunters by 7-3. The Foxhunters team consists of Captain Gill, Mr. T. Hitchcock (the American international), Mr. R. Wanamaker, and Mr. R. Egan; and the winning team, of Captain Smart, Comte de Polignac, Captain Palmes, and Lord Rocksavage, who are shown in our snapshot.

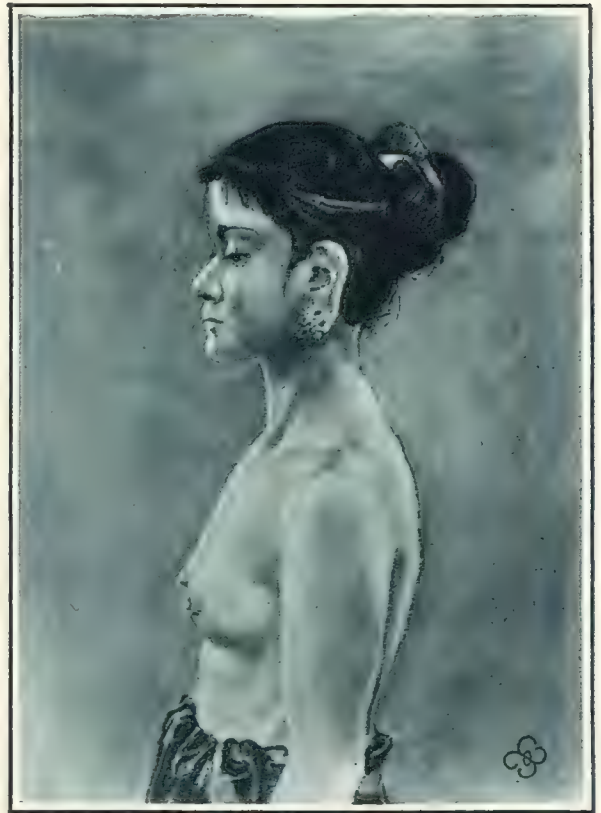
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Head-Hunters – and Others – by a Rane.



THE ARTIST AT HOME: H.H. THE RANEE OF SARAWAK,
DAUGHTER OF LORD ESHER.



RECENTLY EXHIBITED: "A TANJONG
WOMAN."



ON VIEW AT THE CHESTER GALLERIES:
"A KAYAN CHIEF."

H.H. the Rane of Sarawak, the second daughter of Lord Escher, and wife of H.H. the Rajah of Sarawak (Mr. Charles Vyner Brooke), is an artist of considerable talent, and has recently had an exhibition of her work at the Chester Galleries, 2, Chester Terrace, S.W. The pictures shown there are of special interest, as the Rane painted some of them when making a stay among



PAINTED WITH AN ARMED GUARD WITHIN CALL:
"A BUKITAN."

the Sea Dyaks, who are among the tribes over whom her husband rules. She spent some time among them, and had to have an armed guard with her, for, though the people were friendly to her, they are traditional head-hunters, not all of whom have been entirely won from the customs of their ancestors, although, of course, they do not attack Europeans.

From the Pastels by the Rane of Sarawak.



ALL FOOLS' DAY. By DOLF WYLLARDE.

MRS. FERROL'S courage had been oozing out of the tips of her white fingers ever since she entered the taxi-cab. By the time she turned into Leicester Square it was at a very low ebb, and the sight of the gorgeous official coming down the steps of the Restaurant Club to open her cab door struck the last blow at her quivering nerves. Why on earth had she come? What devil had suggested to her that it would be fun to dine at Dizzy's with Maimée Van Duran's party, of which Keith Nugent would certainly make one? The game was not worth the candle—these games never *were* worth the candle, as a matter of fact—and supposing her husband should hear of it! She had gone quite far enough with Captain Nugent—well, perhaps a little farther!—and she was *not* going to dance with him at Dizzy's and let him hold her as she had seen other men hold pretty women who were foolish enough to mingle with the *cocottes* in gold tissue and pink tulle.

Then she remembered her sister's note. It had been brought to her in a hurry just as she was leaving her own house, and she still held it in her hand unopened. Minnie had marked it "urgent," but then Minnie was always more or less in italics. Reena Ferrol did not attach much importance to her sister's communication, but as she hurried into the ladies' cloak-room, she opened it and read the scrawled lines.

DARLING.—I've just heard that Gaston is going to Dizzy's to-night with a party of men. You simply *can't* dine with Maimée Van if Nugent is to be there. Get out of it somehow.—MRN.

Mrs. Ferrol's panic reached that stage when she could not think of strategy. Her hands shook on the paper; without a word to the discreet attendant, she rushed out of the cloak-room as she had rushed in, and in the entrance hall she encountered an angel in the guise of Bobby Raines. It is true that Bobby did not look like an angel, though he was the personification of good-humour. His round jolly face beamed with anticipation, and he was glancing about him appreciatively at the mass of chiffons and laces drifting by. He did not wait for the Glad Eye—he gave it! But his face became decorously sober as Mrs. Ferrol made a dash for him.

"Bobby! Oh, I'm so glad I've found you! I was dining with Maimée Van—and Keith Nugent—oh! that doesn't matter!—and Gaston's somewhere about—he's seen me, of course—and you've simply *got* to say that I came to dine with you!"

Bobby's face was a mixture of blank bewilderment and dismay. Reena was rarely lucid, but her agitation was making her as difficult to understand as a Chinese.

"I'm awfully sorry, Reena, but you see, I'm dining with a lot of men, and if Gaston is booked to Mrs. Van Duran's party—"

"Oh, he isn't! How can you be so stupid? He's dining with you—with your hateful men, of course—Minnie said it was a bachelor party—and he doesn't know that I was coming with Maimée—but, of course, he will see Nugent, and he's seen me, I've no doubt—and you *must* come and dine in the grill-room—anywhere—so that I can say it's you!"

"Oh, I say, Reena! You really are the limit, you know. And if you can't dine with Nugent and a party, you can't dine with a fellow alone in the grill-room—"

"Oh yes I can—as it's you. Nobody cares a bit about you!" (Bobby tried to look delighted.) "Bobby, do hurry—why are you so slow? Come along at once—before Maimée comes and sees me. I can't go through any more explanations!"

She seized Bobby by the arm and led him to the stairs, while his protestations grew more and more feeble. He was a member, and therefore he could not refuse to act host on that account. The delights of the jolly bachelor party faded into the background, and the present was fully occupied with Reena Ferrol, her inconsequence, her pretty, frightened face, and the exigencies of the situation.

The grill-room appeared to be empty when they entered, but as they sat down to a table ("Hope they'll give us a decent dinner at a minute's notice!" thought Bobby ruefully), they came in view of another couple seated in the far corner. Bobby heard Reena gasp, and then saw her whole body stiffen. "Gaston!!!" she said, as she recognised her husband. And then, "Who is the woman with him?"

Now the woman happened to be Camille Clive, a most attractive person across the footlights, but, unhappily, not one whom you would point out to a lady as dining tête-à-tête with her husband at Dizzy's. Bobby had a feeling that he wanted to tear his hair as he realised

the situation, but he preserved sufficient presence of mind to say innocently, "Don't know in the least. Never saw her before. Rather smart, isn't she?"

"Smart!" said Reena icily. "Rather undressed, you mean. There is not enough of her gown to judge of its quality. So that is his bachelor party! Oh, how I wish I had stopped upstairs! Bobby"—she half started up—"it's not too late. You can go back to your men, and I'll dine with Maimée."

But Bobby preserved the remnants of common-sense. "Look here, Reena, sit down and keep quiet," he said. "We're in for it now. You simply can't rush upstairs again and join someone else. It looks as if he had been caught. You've got to see this thing through."

Reena sat still, quivering with anger. She felt that she had been a fool, and it did not occur to her that Gaston felt infinitely more so. There was no particular reason why Bobby Raines should not dine with his wife in the grill-room at Dizzy's, if they were going on to a theatre, as he had no doubt they were—Bobby was a member of the Restaurant Club, and had often taken Reena to some show after dining out first. But it was not so easy to explain Camille Clive in the emptiness of the grill-room. It was quite obvious that they would go and dance later on. Gaston was furious—his wife had nodded to him coolly across the grill-room, and was now politely ignoring him, and chatting to Bobby as if nobody else were present. It was, of course, the only thing for her to do, but it spoilt his dinner, and made him so dull that Camille told him he was not worth dressing for.

"If you've got the pip, Gassy, you needn't bring it to me!" she said plainly. "I shall dance with another boy unless you buck up after dinner."

But Gaston did not mean to buck up, and he was not to be roused to a protest against Camille dancing with another claimant to her favours. The lady had calculated too much on the primeval instinct of the male to resent the encroachment of his fellows, not having the key to the situation. She had not seen Reena nod to her husband, being too seriously attached to her dinner to notice another couple; but she did comment on Bobby when her plate no longer claimed her attention.

"There's Bobby Raines with a girl—good sort of fool Bobby, but no fun to dine with. I wonder at any girl taking him on unless she's hard up!"

"Have you finished?" said Gaston curtly.

"Yes—and pretty nearly finished with you, too! 'Pon my word, I'd just as soon dine with Bobby." She swung her exquisite skirts out of the grill-room and up the stairs, and he found his wife hard upon his heels. It is due to Bobby to own that the pursuit was Reena's and not his, for he was too late to prevent her flying out of her seat as Camille's high heels tapped up the staircase, leaving the savoury on her plate half eaten.

"We mustn't be late," she said in staccato tones to Bobby, panting in the rear. "Maimée always dines early, and I promised Captain Nugent—"

Then Gaston turned round. He forgot Camille, a few steps in advance, and fortunately out of hearing, as he faced his wife, reinstated in his own folly.

"You are not going to dance here, Reena!"

"Well! Are not you?"

"No!" said Gaston boldly. "I am going to take you home."

"I won't be taken home!" said Reena, and her spirits rose to the sound of authority in his voice. She adored Gaston when he played the bully—but he so seldom did. It was his careless good-humour that had driven her into the Nugent entanglement. "I came here to meet Captain Nugent," she boasted. "I am going to dance with him—he is dining with Maimée Van Duran's party—"

"I am going to take you home," Gaston repeated steadily. "There has been talk enough about you and Nugent—"

He turned to Bobby and said something in a rapid undertone, while for the second time that night Bobby's round face lengthened to extreme dismay and reluctance. The conversation did not last long, but it gave Reena just time enough to think, "What a fool I was to tell him! If I hadn't, he would have been all in the wrong—dining with that girl—and I should have been all in the right!"

And Gaston said to himself, "Camille will never forgive me—and Reena will never be satisfied, whatever explanation I make."

[Continued on page x.]

Daughter-in-Law of the New Viceroy of India.



THE WIFE OF THE EARL OF READING'S ONLY SON: VISCOUNTESS ERLEIGH.

Viscountess Erleigh is the wife of Viscount Erleigh, M.C., only son of the Earl of Reading, India's new Viceroy. She was married in 1914, and has a son, the Hon. Michael Rufus Isaacs, born in 1916, and a

daughter, the Hon. Joan Isaacs, who is two years younger. Lady Erleigh is a very clever woman, but combines a love of outdoor sports with her appreciation of literature and art.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.





THE WIFE OF A THIRD BARON : LADY ST. OSWALD.

Lady St. Oswald is the wife of the third Baron St. Oswald of Nostell, and before her marriage, in 1915, was Miss Evie Carew (Nellie) Greene. She has two sons - the Hon. Rowland Denys Guy Winn, born in 1916, and the Hon. Derek Edward Anthony Winn, who is three years younger.

FROM THE DRAWING BY T. PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.B.E.

Fine Horsewoman and Low-Handicap Golfer.



PAINTED BY AMBROSE McEVoy: MISS AILEEN PAULL—HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Miss Aileen Paull is the daughter of the late Mr. A. Paull and of Mrs. Paull, and is not only one of the prettiest girls in Society, but is a fine horsewoman and a first-rate golfer. She often plays at

Walton Heath, which is her home course. Miss Paull has been painted by Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, the prominent Society portrait-painter. This is her latest photograph.—[Portrait-Study by Bertram Park.]



Without Prejudice

WHAT a really remarkable affection is entertained by the librettists of musical comedy for those fortunate countries in which the army wears fur hats. Was it with that in view, do you think, that the indomitable Churchill furred and incarnadined (at your expense) the sentries who stand between Buckingham Palace and the Victoria Memorial?

Anyway, the rollicking young subalterns of the Mauve Hussars who roister (eight up one side of the stage and eight up the other) in the Palace of King Ratibor of Kravonia, Czecho-Collinsia, or Leslie-Hensonsonia (as the case may be) are invariably a shade exuberant about the busby or the bearskin.

A furry top seems somehow to give tone to those shiny boots. That is why light opera is so markedly Slavonic in its domicile. Bulgaria, Anthony-hovia, Serbia, Ruritania, even the mother country of Russia herself are all the chosen rendezvous for those bevy of brilliance and beauty which invariably assemble to pilot a not particularly distinguished couple through a more than usually normal plot.

The author—wonder of wonders, there is only one of him: it usually takes at least five men, not counting Lyrics and Additional Numbers, to think of something that everybody else has been thinking of for twenty years—the proud author of "Sybil" conveys us (with the assistance of the scene-shifters) to Russia.

Pre-Trotsky Russia. One is not given those intimate glances at the high life of statesmen (and sculptors) with which the loose manners of a later generation have made us painfully familiar. No. This is the good old pass-the-samovar, click-your-spurs-and-stand-up-at-any-mention-of-the-Little-Father Russia. Quite a different matter.

Into it the librettist projects Mr. Huntley Wright and Miss José Collins. Mr. Wright comes from another world and (almost) from another generation. But, oh, how good he is. That indomitable little man carries the whole long piece on his broad little shoulders. When he jokes and dances, all is well. So the composer, with a proper sense of justice, has given him the only two good songs in the whole piece.

Miss Collins, of course, is herself. A little quietly, perhaps. There comes—it is sad news—a stage in the career of the brightest stars when they need no longer make any very great effort. It is

enough for their dear, amiable public if they will only consent just to coruscate as their brilliant, starry selves.

Miss Collins appears to have arrived at that position of dignity. A pity. Because she was so infinitely more entertaining to watch as she scaled the firmament towards her present ever-so-slightly monotonous pinnacle. Won't she step down? Just for one evening?

She stalks magnificently about in Russian patent boots and a furry hussar hat (there you are, you see—we were quite right about the hats!), whilst the rest of the team drags her triumphal chariot through the piece.

Miss Jean Stirling makes an imposing figure of the Grand Duchess. If that had been how they looked, the Russian Revolution would have had another ending—and there would have been a distinctly decorative Mrs. Lenin at the Kremlin. Mr. Harry Welchman might even have done something to maintain the prestige of Grand Dukes. Mr. Leonard Mackay would certainly have cleared the streets by saying a Few Words from the balcony in front of the Governor's Palace.

But the best of the work is Mr. Huntley Wright's. And it was not in the least that his angular activity reminded one of past triumphs. One was kept too busy thinking of the present success. He is fine. And that—with the assistance of the librettist, the composer, and all those nice little ladies carrying candlesticks—is all about it. One can hardly be too grateful, in these

days of joke-shortage, for the return of a genuine comedian to the stage.

There is, after all, a lot to be said for the Classic Manner—even in musical comedy; and it is growing rarer and rarer. A pity, but it does make one appreciate the genuine article when one meets it at Daly's. There they don't go in for being modern—they are frankly Pre-War.

And so they all kept it up in the familiar atmosphere of pantomime hussars and practicable swords. The hussars sang, the swords drew, the crowds cheered, Miss José Collins José-Collinsed, and Mr. Huntley wrote. It was a bright evening. Long may it last. P.S.—It will.



"A CROWN'S WORTH OF INTERPRETATION": PRINCE HENRY (MR. BASIL RATHBONE) TIPS FALSTAFF'S PAGE (MISS IRIS HAWKINS) AND BARDOLF (MR. GEORGE DESMOND) IN "KING HENRY IV." AT THE COURT.

Our photograph shows a scene in the Court Theatre production of "King Henry IV. (Part II.)." The names, reading from left to right, are: Bardolf (Mr. George Desmond), The Page (Miss Iris Hawkins), Prince Henry (Mr. Basil Rathbone), and Poins (Mr. William Armstrong). Prince Henry is tipping Falstaff's page.—[See Page overleaf. Photograph by Waller Benington.]

Inducted by Rumour: Shakespeare's Prince Hal.



"O GENTLE SLEEP! NATURE'S SOFT NURSE, HOW HAVE I FRIGHTED THEE": KING HENRY IV.



FALSTAFF BANISHED, WITH HIS CREW: THE TRIUMPH OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

"King Henry IV. (Part II.)," at the Court Theatre, is one of the best Shakespearean productions London has ever seen. Our page shows Mr. Frank Cellier as King Henry IV., in the scene where he delivers the famous lines on sleep. The lower photograph illustrates the final moment of the play when Prince Hal, having ascended the

throne, banishes Falstaff, Bardolf, and Pistol. The names, in the lower photograph (l. to r.), are: The Page (Miss Iris Hawkins), Bardolf (Mr. George Desmond), Pistol (Mr. Benson Kleve), Justice Shallow (Mr. H. O. Nicholson), Falstaff (Mr. Alfred Clark), and the Lord Chief Justice (Mr. Eugen Leahy). The Induction of the play is given by Rumour.

Photographs by Walter Benington.



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FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



THE career of the "damn little blood-worm," Abner Fellows, as set down by Mr. F. Brett Young in "The Black Diamond," is a matter of terrific truth and beauty. This young miner, with "his splendid and supple strength, his honest eyes, the straightness and simplicity of his whole nature," is a creation of definite greatness. His slow stride through the ironic comedy that makes his life has the unflinching force of a natural phenomenon.



SECRETARY TO THE NEW VICERINE OF INDIA, AND AUTHOR OF "WITH THE SCOTTISH NURSES IN ROUMANIA": MISS YVONNE FITZROY.

Miss Yvonne Fitzroy is the only daughter of Sir Almeric Fitzroy, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., and the author of "With the Scottish Nurses in Roumania." She is secretary to Lady Reading, the new Vicerine of India.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

poaching, and a tempestuous affair with Susie Hind end in a fracas that sends George to prison, and Abner remains at George's house, Wolfpits, to take care of Mary Malpas, with her "young, white, freckled face of sad, untroubled calm and seriousness." He has a pact with George to play the game and provide for Mary and the children while the man is in prison. Again scandal—the crawling and venomous scandal of our sweet English countryside—entangles him; and he and Mary, who has passion and tenderness, as well as an austere stoicism, are crushed and goaded by it towards an inevitable end.

In this cruel and yet exquisite picture of the young people fighting for their lives and their love against the covert hostility of a countryside goaded to excess by the fanatical and bitter hatred of George's mother, one feels that one is witnessing the slow movements of the primal forces of nature. The thing is so immense and so true, and all the characters are so genuine. The movement of the tragedy has so natural an air; beauty, pity, and glamour temper it and make it human. Always Abner himself, with his crude simplicity of heart and his rock-like sensibility, holds the attention and imparts the air of superb naturalness. He is a figure of greatness in a book of greatness.

Martin Stavart, of Mr. Gerald Cumberland's "The Poisoner," is an unhealthy mind in a sound body. He is "a man of genius who is also popular." He is a musician with "an idiom of his own," and that idiom is a sinister thing. It is the outward note of "the pool of infamy underneath." It makes itself manifest to us at first in melody that is "like a prowling monster full of evil."

In a vivid and cryptic manner, and with many sharp and fine touches, Mr. Cumberland draws us on to the darkness of Martin's career. Already aware of something callous and quite brutal in his make-up from his treatment of Monica Symons, with her "deep and serious" beauty, we are prepared for his downfall into dipsomania. After achieving a sultry and nerve-exciting triumph before an

audience of tittering neurotics, Martin plunges Limehouse way and steepes his system in drink. The pictures of Martin's degradation are conveyed in a manner firm and strong, for Mr. Cumberland has a clean and brisk gift in telling a story. The cunning, the beastliness, the nerve-storms and the attempts at regeneration by the sensitive if fatalistic Martin have a definite force. Olive Merral, a strange and attractive girl, and Molly, who is not at all strange, but lovable if unvirtuous, endeavour to help him, but their efforts end in his breakdown.

Somewhere about here the story seems to lose direction. The grip that marked the first chapters loosens, and one is not certain where the plot is pointing. And the end seems to lack coherence. Martin returns to Monica—indeed, marries her—and for a time walks straight. Then music and the need of whisky attack him, and he goes under. Somehow, a dark story telling how his father, an African traveller, strangled an altogether innocent African woman seems to be mixed up with Martin's Freudian interior; there is also a mother who drinks; but the tendency of it all is a little unsatisfactory. It is, however, a book with many good things in it; the descriptions of music, concerts, and country and London life have a spirit of vitality.

Mr. T. C. Wignall's "Jimmy Lambert" is the hero of some real boxing contests and an unreal love story. Perhaps that does not matter, for the boxing's the thing, and Florence Desmond and the whole of the sentimental episodes are but offerings to that inscrutable publisher's god, the "love interest." But the boxing is "the goods." Jimmy is as attractive as a boxer as he is unsatisfactory as a bright young lover. Having won the Amateur Championship—quite wonderfully described—the suicide and defalcations of his father provide him with the necessary impulse to launch out as a professional boxer in a career which, with amazing swiftness, brings him to the championship of the world.

These amazingly swift careers do give the excited reader a full opportunity of enjoying many snapping and realistic fights. "Eat-'em-alive Lambert," indeed, lives through a whole string of victories from the moment he turns Bill Burke into a chopping-block to that time when he has Jules Martenier, the Frenchman and a bit of a frost, out in a handful of seconds, and fights Harry Masters of America for the World's Championship. They are stirring, tingling fights, full of pace and kick. There are, of course, other things beside punches ripped to the solar plexus and right-hand hooks. There is the promoter George K. Gordon's fight with Mrs. Radford, the anti-boxing fanatic; there is the actress Colinette Valery's mad infatuation for Jimmy; and these things give the necessary complications and "misunderstandings" that carry the love-story to the last chapter. A brisk and galloping book, with the fighting side done with real knowledge and colour.



A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST: MISS PEGGY WEBLING.

Miss Peggy Webling, the well-known novelist and author of many successful books and a romantic drama founded on Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" has recently published a new novel entitled "Comedy Corner."

Photograph by Claude Harris.

The Black Diamond. By F. Brett Young. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

The Poisoner. By Gerald Cumberland. (Grant Richards; 9s.)

Jimmy Lambert. By T. C. Wignall. (Mills and Boon; 8s. 6d.)

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A FORETASTE of summer—the season, you know, when you get stung by entomological specimens and the proprietors of up-river hotels—breathes through the picture show at the Fine Art Society. Mr. Richard Jack, whose suffix of the letters R. and A. shines with such an engaging newness, seems to have been spending next summer (or can it have been last summer?) in the North of England with pictorially agreeable results.

His "Derbyshire Hills" is so attractive a piece of mountain-landscape that one would like to let him loose at the head of the Honister Pass between Keswick and Buttermere to render those splendid hills of the English Lakes which have never received adequate treatment from our painters, because the little fellows are all too busy depicting Como from Domodossola and San Borghetto from Poggi Bonsi.

And he isn't always out on the sky-line, either. Sometimes he has "Tea in the Garden" or "A Quiet Afternoon" with pleasantly reposeful results, and a tendency to the society of the same statuesque young lady, who is apt to play "A Friendly Match" or go for a nice breezy walk "in High Country." His "Richmond Castle, Yorkshire" (not, as you had anticipated, the Star and Garter) is thoroughly attractive.

The remainder of the show is filled with the memorial exhibition of the late F. H. Townsend, whose careful and quietly humorous draughtsmanship kept up the pictorial end of *Punch* for so long. One had always realised the sturdy quality of his work from week to week. But it was not until one saw a great body of his work hung together in a single gallery that one realised his quite astonishing evenness. He maintained for year after year a genial flow of picture humour. And as he did it, old gentlemen in railway trains continued to asseverate (without ever opening the paper to check the inaccuracy of their comment) that *Punch* Was Not What It Was. It never has been.

Through the whole series, from those Society sketches of a remote period right down to that pathetic half-drawn sketch, he

maintained a careful and kindly quality. In personal caricature he was not supreme, although there again he was far above the level of many of his more notorious *Punch* colleagues. But personal caricature is not an English forte. They are too polite. It is where their good manners have all gone. Because they certainly don't wear them in the street.

An odd thing, the bankrupt poverty of personal caricature in These Islands. Here you have a community with a passionate interest in its political figure-heads. Yet it never succeeds in getting their appearances adequately travestied on paper.

Pellegrini was a great man. But he was a foreigner. Tenniel was a painstaking symbolist. But he never really cut up anybody except Disraeli. Leslie Ward began in caricature, but, alas! seems to have taken to different work. And so the melancholy catalogue goes on.

Will Dyson can caricature a school of thought or a capitalist system; but confront him with a face and you will be mildly surprised at the courteous inaccuracy of his travesty of it. *Punch* has not printed a caricature for thirty years that could induce the Right Honourable subject of it to discontinue his subscription. All natural good manners.

Townsend was at his admirable best with cooks and their mistresses. His pencil played delightfully with his own kingdom of Golders Green. The allotments, the rural architecture, the attenuated human population of the area between the Heath and Finchley Road may all be studied to perfection in his drawings. And his scenes of cricket are real, good, amateurish, incompetent, entertaining cricket about which none of the players can possibly be suspected of a desire to send a cable to anybody.

This careful, humorous work is the real manner of British light black-and-white. Bate-

man and Heath Robinson may (long may they!) indulge their individual fancies. But they will never, one hopes, found a school. If they do, it will be a school of second-rate imitations of first-rate work. But the Townsend manner is part of a tradition. One hopes that it may last, and one was glad of the chance to see it *en masse* and to do honour to a good fellow.



GRUMPY COMES TO TOWN AGAIN, AFTER HIS AMERICAN SUCCESS:

MR. CYRIL MAUDE CARICATURED AT A REHEARSAL.

Mr. Cyril Maude reappeared at the Criterion on Saturday in his original part in "Grumpy," and our Artist was so excited about it, especially as he himself is in the play, that he couldn't wait till the first night to caricature the famous actor, but insisted on "doing him" at a rehearsal, without make-up. It will be remembered that "Grumpy" was originally produced in London, and then went to America, where it proved an enormous success.

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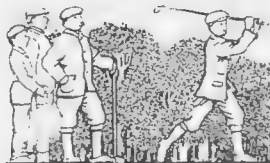
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ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Training for the Game.

Tales of training have been trailing here from the United States in recent times. While on the one hand they have been somewhat disturbing that class of the community that professes anxiety in the matter of our championships and the ascendancy of British golf, they have been causing the private players—as we may call the joyous majority, caring nothing for these other things—much thought, with a certain inducement towards new systems, preparatory to the season which now unfolds. It is not a matter of competitions only; everybody desires to play well and a little better, and, confident that it may be done, seeks the secret. For in such better play there will be a finer general keenness, and higher enjoyment. About the training, there are two main questions—the first as to whether actually it is good for the quality of the game, and then, if that is proved, the best way of it. It is strange—and yet there is reason for it—that there should be doubt upon the value of some sort of training for this game which calls for good physical condition, suppleness of limb and muscle, keenness of eye and steadiness of nerve; but certain points have been operating against assumption in the matter. The greatest champions of the time have insistently declared that they have never done anything in the way of training. Harry Vardon once told me that in the days of his youth he made a brave decision to prepare specially for a championship coming on, and went to the extreme in self-denial by ceasing to smoke, causing him-

self much unhappiness. He fancied the result was on the whole beneficial, but was not tempted to make the experiment again—and yet he achieved all his best successes afterwards. James Braid has had but one piece of advice to give in the matter of training, and that is to go to bed early, this being to his mind a golden rule for golf excellence, and surely he is right.

The Return After Absence.

But then, lest it should thus be deduced that these mighty do not train, rejecting all suggestion upon the value of preparation, be it remembered that they golf day by day, and live simple and tranquil lives. What more than two rounds of golf a day, or only one, does any man need for training? The trouble is that they are, by such customs of life and experience, commonly over-trained. With the amateurs, who may work for their livings and not play golf always, it is different; but here again we come to another of those points that have seemed to cast doubts upon the value of training in golf. There are historic cases of eminent players being denied the game for numbers of years, and immediately on re-

sumption rising to heights of form they had not known before. Among the humble of the links it is a common remark, when a man, excusing himself beforehand for the fozzling he fears he is

about to perpetrate, says he has not played for so many weeks or months, that he should then play all the better—and he often does. The game produced by many persons at their first trial after a long absence from the links, as at the beginning of a season, sometimes astonishes them. The other day I conversed with a player who told me that years ago he was in the United States for a long period, and so situated that he could get no golf. He had spells of it only every four years, when he came home for holidays, and neither before nor since that era of his existence has he played so well as immediately on these resumptions. But such occurrences, though seeming strange, can be explained. On such resumptions after absence, there is first of all a fine keenness, tempered by a certain mild fear leading on to extreme caution, especially in the matter of such essentials as keeping the eye on the ball and maintaining a still head. Never at any other time does the player pay such homage and respect to rule and detail, and in this there is a lesson and a moral for him. He plays well and is happy. He thinks that now he will always play well . . . Alas!

Too Much Confidence.

A thing to note specially now is that almost invariably these brilliances on resumption are followed quickly by absolute disappearance of the fine form, and a long period of frightful failure, with wallowing in the slough of despond. This again is no such mystery as is supposed. It is caused by relaxation of that scrupulous care for detail in method which was exerted in the early games—due to over-confidence, carelessness through jubilation, and diminished respect for the inexorable laws. The eye looks at the ball only in a vague and general sort of way, the head moves, the leg and arm actions become uncertain, and failure follows. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that the most dangerous time of all for a man's or woman's golfing form—that when most care should be taken in regard to detail of method, and one's game nursed in every way possible—is when one is at the very top of form, and full of confidence, for most frequently, through carelessness, this is the eve of collapse. But again, another reason why the periods of success after long absence are brief is that the inferior physical condition that is characteristic of such occasions exerts its influence very soon. This clearly is an argument for training. But what training? We hear of the young Americans being rubbed with embrocations, being massaged and dieted, and generally treated as though they were prize-fighters. Knowing something of American golf in its own land, I know these are stupid exaggerations. The best training of all for golf is golf, and a reasonably placid life, with attention to the Braidian maxim; while at the beginning of the season, for a good shaking up, a week of lawn-tennis is known to be a splendid thing.

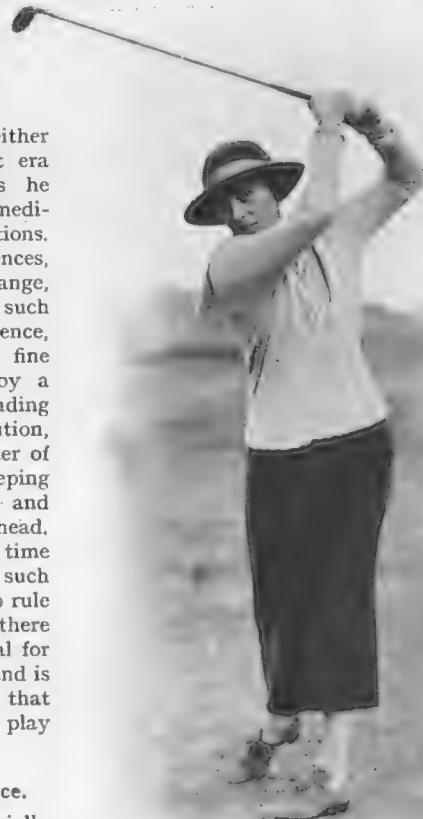


A FINALIST FOR THE CAPTAIN'S CUP (LADIES') AT BIARRITZ: MRS. LAMB.

Mrs. Lamb was a finalist in the competition at Biarritz for the Captain's Cup, presented by the Vicomtesse de Suzannet. Our photographer snapped her follow-through.

Specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.

assumption rising to heights of form they had not known before. Among the humble of the links it is a common remark, when a man, excusing himself beforehand for the fozzling he fears he is



A FINALIST FOR THE CAPTAIN'S CUP (LADIES') AT BIARRITZ: MISS COLES.

Miss Coles was one of the finalists in the competition for the Captain's Cup at Biarritz, presented by the Vicomtesse de Suzannet. Our photograph shows her having a practice swing.

Specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.

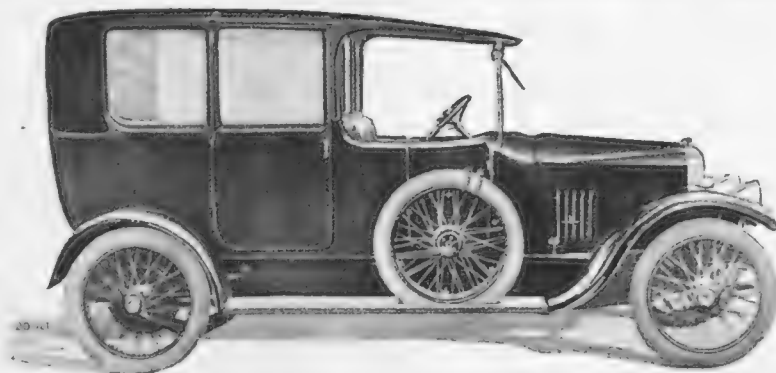
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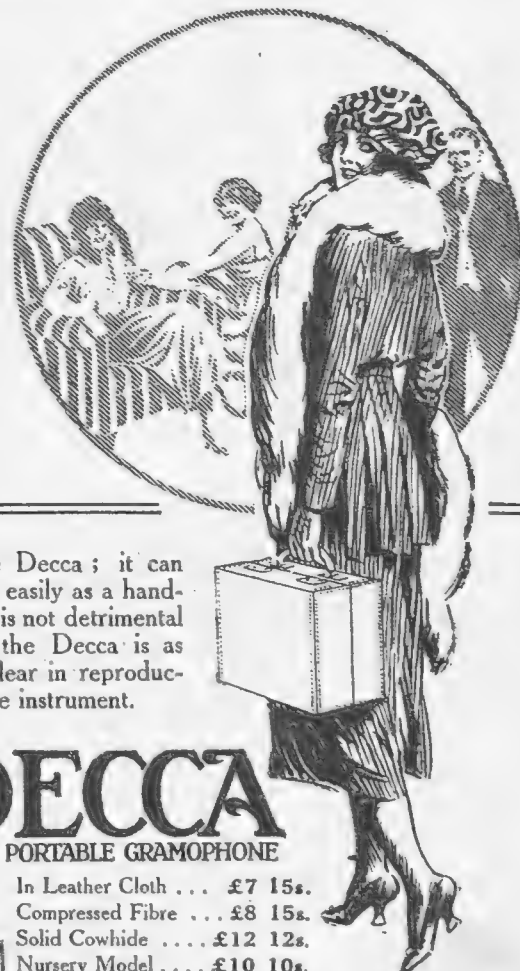
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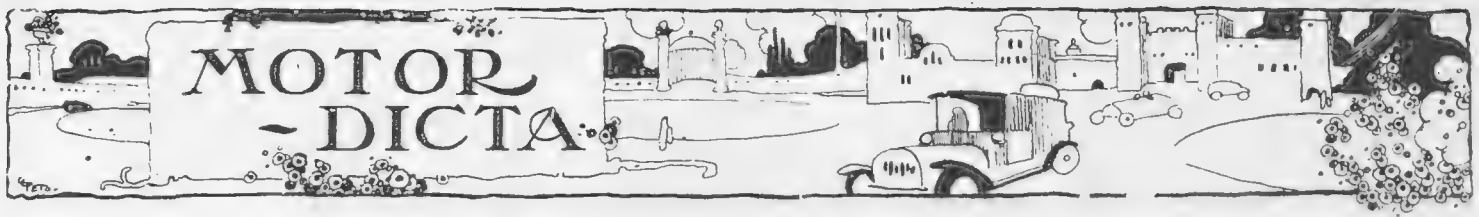


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OPTIMISTS AND EASTER: PRICE CUTS AND PROSPECTS. By GERALD BISS.

BY the time that these lines have assumed the formality of print, Easter will have come and gone, with all the high hopes of the automobile optimists, who regard it as the dawn of the year's activity, which is to sweep away all the black clouds of the last dreary six or even eight months. Easter has always been looked upon in the automobile calendar as the real beginning of the year's doings upon the road, and the time of the evacuation of winter quarters; and this year the pent-up feelings of automobilists have built greater expectations than ever, born of much suffering and no small longing, upon this fresh start of things. After the false boom of the eighteen months succeeding the Armistice, it took many months for folk, automobile and otherwise, to realise the truth; but of late they have eaten dust and ashes, and now they are meeting this revival of hopes in a plucky but chastened spirit, with their lines reorganised, if not entirely laid afresh. The "take it or leave it" spirit of all too many has perforce taken the knock; and the erstwhile haughty are now only too anxious to deal upon reasonable terms. At any rate, civility and personal attention will not be wanting, nor will your name be "Mud," when sent in to the chastened purveyors-in-chief of autos or oddments.

Prime Cuts from the Joint.

An effort has been made for some time past, as I have noted, to stabilise the market by guarantees of price refunds in event of any cuts before a given date some months ahead; and in addition there have been cuts and refunds of various sizes. Last week, writing about the future of the light car, I referred in passing to the second very substantial lop off the Vauxhall's self-assessment — roughly, a second cut of £300 all round upon all its types, which is something remarkably solid, and must make lots of other manufacturers who never before regarded them, as direct rivals rub their eyes and wish it had not happened. It is too big and too serious to be funny, and must look to them like a very bad joke at their expense; but I frankly hold that as far as my innocent and uncommercial mind grasps business principles (please spell it right, Mr. Printer's Devil, as in the automobile world there is often all the difference between "business principles" and "business principals") it is a much sounder thing to cut losses upon stocks accumulated at inflated prices and sell them at present values than to let them rust their insides out, and prevent a firm from going ahead with a progressive programme. With its reputation for class and quality, the Vauxhall cut should bring many other substantial cuts in its wake, when its rivals, the old and the new alike, awaken to the real state of things. It is no good looking back on the tragic side of the slump, but necessary to keep smiling and to look ahead at the big markets waiting as soon as prices are right, and things have adjusted themselves upon a proper working basis.

Value for Money.

Value for money is the keenest demand when money is tight, and another pleasant symptom from the buying public's point of view is the chopping of a cool hundred off the cost of the 16-h.p. four-cylinder Talbot-Darracq, which at £850 ready for the road was regarded

last Olympia as being quite as good value as anything on offer, and is now reduced to £750. The Daimler have made their very substantial cut; and biggest of all (next to the Vauxhall's double event, if I do not err) is the £400 odd off the Haynes, which claims—and, I believe, not without justification—to be the oldest make of auto in the annals of the U.S.A. Another Yankee which has made a very hefty hack at the root of things is the Commonwealth, which has been reduced from £695 to £395, which is about as drastic as

anything so far; but it shows that over in the States, where they have been passing through quite as bad a time as we have, if not even worse, in the matter of automobile manufacture, they realise that they cannot sit still on their haunches and weep over spilt petrol and other trifles. That sound proposition, the Arrol-Johnston, has weighed in with a pleasant little slice of £75 off the joint; but I cannot remember them all, nor would I have room to list the lot. Another interesting attempt to cheapen prices just to hand comes from the Wolseley Company, which does not see its way to reducing the actual cost of its 10-h.p. model, but is putting on the market a "Wolseley-Stellite Ten," which is exactly the same in all details of the chassis and similar



ABLE TO CARRY FOUR STRETCHER CASES OR EIGHT SITTING-UP CASES: THE CABIN OF THE VICKERS-VIMY AMBULANCE, WITH A PATIENT IN PLACE.

The cabin of the Vickers-Vimy ambulance will carry eight sitting-up cases or four stretcher cases, and is installed with special cooling arrangements for tropical climates, and 100 lb. of medical equipment and a wireless plant. Our photograph shows the cabin, and illustrates the arrangement of the patients.

as to body, but less expensively equipped, being without electric lighting and starting equipment, and with the upholstery and the screen "modified," and the metal work finished in black. This will mean a saving of £80, and bring the price down to £465 without impairing in any way the efficiency of the machine.

S.M.M.T. Optimism.

Moreover, the S.M.M.T. is abundant in optimism, and is so certain that next November there will be ample exhibitors left to fill both places, that it announces a repetition of its last year's one-in-two show programme from November 4 to 12 at Olympia and the White City, but this year probably without music to soothe the savage breasts both of manufacturers who have suffered during the last year and of purchasers who suffered the year before—this last ignoble economy to meet Austen's shrewd stipulation, a new "Brum" gem of finance, that he would forego his little bit of sly "E.P.D." in this respect

upon purely trade exhibitions which in no way catered for pleasure or personal profit. As last year, it will be preceded by the "Orgy of the Heavies," and followed by the blithesome and giddy cycles, in order to economise in the matter of the erection of stands and decorations. Again, the merchandise of the froward Hun and the abject Austrian are to be barred. On the other hand, I may note that Little Eric is so down-hearted at the prospect of his early departure, and the demise of his grandiose bantling of a department in dissolution, that he is off any further questionable adventures in automobile legislation, and in consequence there will be no new Motor Car Bill this Session.



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THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

THEY say that if you gaze at the new moon for the first time through a glass darkly, you will be pursued by ill-fortune throughout the incoming lunar month. Next time you look at the new moon, do so Through a Glass Lightly.

There's many a dip 'tween the shore and the ship.

South Wales colliers are a people unto themselves. For instance, who but a South Wales collier would think of trying to catch rats with a greyhound! Yet he thinks as much of his "millie"—hybrid Welsh for greyhound—as he thinks of whatever he goes on strike about, every now and then. And, moreover, he takes his pet into the depths of the earth with him—to do whippet racing, coursing, or prize showing? No. To catch rats! One day a miner, with his dog, was crossing the meadows from the pit to his home—oh, yes; there are meadows between pits and home—when he was greeted by the local Nonconformist pastor, who had had an eye on that dog, lounging beside the collier, for some time. The pastor offered to buy the collier's dog, and made a tentative offer of ten shillings. The collier wouldn't hear of it. After continued bargaining, the pastor pointed out that for twenty-five shillings the collier could purchase a pig, and soon would have lots of young porkers to keep his family supplied for months and months. Visions of roast pork converted the collier. The bargain was made, the dog changed hands, and each went on his separate way. A few minutes later, the pastor, leading the dog, was stopped by shouts, and soon the collier was beside him, proffering the twenty-five shillings and demanding the return of the dog. The pastor reminded him of the little pigs. The collier's reply, as he stuffed the money into the pastor's pocket and secured the dog to himself was: "A-ay! Tha's all very well. But I want my millie. 'Cos, think wot a dam' fool I'd look, tryin' to catch rats with a pig!"

Why is it that people nowadays judge a woman by her intentions, and a man by his pretensions? How much easier—and kinder—to establish a rule by which no one is judged, except by actions. . . . And, even then, *not always!*

Said one wife to another: "Oh, really, darling, husbands are such impossible creatures!" And the other equally fed-up darling returned: "No, dear; the trouble is that they're so possible."



AT THE ARMY POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES: THE HON. MRS. E. WYNDHAM, MAJOR BRADFORD ATKINSON, AND MR. GERALD YORKE.

Our snapshot was taken at the Army Point-to-Point Steeplechases, held at Burrough Hall, Leicestershire, and shows some of the spectators. The Prince of Wales was second in the Chargers' Point-to-Point Steeplechase, for Lord Haig's Cup, with his Rifle Grenade, Mr. L. S. Close winning from him with Red Seal.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

Modern drama: That which people can't do with, but won't do without.

The Regimental Band was playing for the officers' mess on a guest night. Not without a certain touch of ironic discretion, the band played a number of selections of a more or less gloomy nature. Funeral marches (nearly), and certainly a few slumber songs and

woeful wails were the order of the programme. Later in the evening, when the bandmaster joined his fellow-officers in the mess, he was approached by the colonel, who had really selected the tunes chiefly on account of their high-sounding titles. "But—er—I say, Mr.—er—" floundered the colonel, "what the devil was the meaning of that last thing you played—you know—er—the jolly old what's-is-name?" "You mean, Sir," replied the bandmaster, "you mean



AT A MEET OF THE QUORN: MISS MUIR, MRS. C. E. HAY, THE HON. MRS. JOHN GRETTON, MISS J. B. BAIRD, AND MISS GRETTON.

Our snapshot was taken at a meet of the Quorn at Lowesby Hall, and shows some of the ladies who hunt with this famous pack. The Hon. Mrs. John Gretton is the youngest sister of Lord Ventry, and the wife of Colonel John Gretton, C.B.E., M.P.

Photograph by T.P.A.

Tchaikovsky's 'March Slave, Sir?' "I don't know what I mean. What did it mean?" blustered the old man. The bâton-beating officer explained that it illustrated a period of slavery from which the slave was ultimately released in triumph. "Oh, that was it, was it?" said the colonel, hailing a mess steward. "Oh! I didn't hear of the release. Dammit, I had to go out and get a drink!"

New motto for post-war philanthropists: Make to give; but do not give to make.

Take care of the fence, and the hounds will take care of themselves.

Two disabled ex-officers met by accident in a restaurant after an absence of two or three years. The one was minus an arm. The other suffered from no outward and visible sign of disablement, but he possessed a look of furtive nervousness. He glanced about him suspiciously every now and again. His trouble was nerves. After the usual reunion talk during a hearty dinner, a suggestion was made that they should go to a show—or something. The one thought that a good old rollicking farce would be the thing, or perhaps a girl-and-music affair—"something to brighten us up, y'know." But the nervous one explained that he dared not go to anything like that, as he was always afraid that the excitement would be too much for him, and turn him deaf, dumb, or blind, or something horrible like that. So they went to the movies. During the showing of an intense, melodramatic love scene, the nervous one suddenly awoke from a heavy post-prandial sleep. He didn't quite know where he was, but, through the dark, he saw before him a young man, filled with ardour, apparently declaring life-long devotion to a young woman, filled with tears. Suddenly there came over him the awful fear that his worst expectations of horror had been fulfilled, and, turning to his companion, the nervous man said: "It's no use, old chap. My God! the worst has happened! I can't hear a bally word."

Not only is it mockingly modest, but positively dangerous to hide your light under a bushel. It may catch fire. SPEx.



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Health's Sake*

To quote a well known medical authority, "No one wants to be ill, and when women realize that the constant wearing of an ill-fitting corset helps to keep our hospitals open they will insist on being properly fitted to corsets, instead of buying them 'hit or miss.'"

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GOSSARD CORSETS can be obtained at all leading Ladies' Outfitting Establishments and Stores. If you have any difficulty in obtaining GOSSARD CORSETS write us direct and we will send you the name and address of the nearest establishment that can supply you.

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World Over.

BY APPOINTMENT



*The
Eiderscutum
Polotennis Wrap*

Feather-Light

Furry-Warm

Fleecy-Soft

PURE NEW WOOL

TIS a Summer sky with its variegated tints, which reflects the enchanting colourings in this season's Eiderscutum Polotennis Fleeces.

Not forgetting a beautiful creamy—white, plain, and with barely visible tinted stripes



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"I am exceedingly pleased with Eiderscutum Coat, which fits me perfectly, and which absolutely answers your advertisement."

What is true of Eiderscutum is true of Aquascutum, the pure new wool weatherproof quality renowned since 1851.

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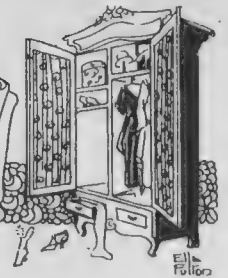
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VOGUES & VANITIES

By CARMEN of COCKAYNE



Not Only Dress. Perhaps you thought that the coming of spring fashions merely meant the launching of a thousand or more new kinds of frocks? That is just the mistake of being conservative. Once upon a time, no doubt, a change of fashion *did* refer to dress, and dress alone. There were, of course, different

periods distinguished by the general use of a particular style of furniture; but that is quite another story. To return to "spring fashions." The term includes far more than the dress that you see; it comprises also the "undies" that you don't—unless, of course, your blouse or skirt happens to be of a particularly confiding character. Of course, there are boudoir gowns, too, and shoes, and wraps.

The Difficulty of It.

But even that is not all. To be truly up-to-date in every particular is no easy matter. It is, in fact, extremely hard work. Let your attention wander ever so

slightly, and you are "done." Some enterprising person will pass you in the matter of shoe-buckles, or the right shade of gourd that should adorn the boudoir furnished on the right lines. It may be that you will find your dressing-table boasts a mauve—rather, amethyst—"jewel" tree when, as a matter of fact, every rightly informed person is aware that the correct stone of the moment is pink topaz. Figure to yourself the dreadful state of mind that follows such a discovery. Those coarser-fibred mortals who are just as happy without any jewel trees at all may sneer, but undoubtedly the elect will appreciate the seriousness of such a situation.

A Remedy. "What," you ask, "is a poor woman to do in order to avoid the slightest suspicion of using to-day what any correctly informed person discarded last night?" The answer is simple. Go to Poussin, 96, New Bond Street, W.; and, in case you are still doubtful whether your wants can be supplied satisfactorily at this address, read on, and you will know something about the nature of the novelties to be seen there.



This is what the new wool wig looks like—faces, of course, vary. Above it are masks.

one object to in the black taffeta bathing-dress here shown? Are not its trousers most modestly long? Would even Councillor Clark wish for blinkers as he gazed upon its decorous upper tunic—quite high, you observe, at the neck, and not too aggressively bare about the arm? Is not the cap prudence itself? And then there is a black-and-white umbrella, in case the curiosity aroused at the appearance of so correct a costume should prove embarrassing.

Modesty for the Bather.

It is said that Dr. Addison did not really issue grandmotherly instructions about bathing dresses. Perhaps if he reads this page of *The Sketch* he will feel a glad glow of relief. For what could any

A black-and-white bathing-gown guaranteed to be "passed" by the Ministry of Health.



About Fans.

Then there are fans. Feather ones? Not a bit of it, though, of course, those who prefer to follow where others have already led can do so if they like. To be really smart the fan you carry must be of seaweed; but, naturally, of seaweed that has been specially trained and prepared for its new mission in life. The correct brand is of the feathery type, and this is first dipped in gold, or silver, or copper paint, and that is, as it were, its baptism into a new life. Before, however, it is considered fit to appear in Society, the decorator has a few hours in its company. As a result, it comes to Poussin with numbers of tiny flat flowers fastened on to the surface. Who cares if small roses, or exotic-looking asters, or "everlastings" were not paired off with seaweed by nature? Don't we all know that it's the business of Art to step in where Nature fails? And if one is to judge from "artistic" novelties the poor old dear has neglected her duties most shamefully!



Scent-Bottles.

Scent-bottles now. Perhaps you think there is not much room for improvement. Wait a moment. Has it ever struck you what a jangle of sensitive nerves there would be if Madame found herself face to face with her looking-glass one morning and noticed that the colour of her perfume-bottle was out of harmony with the colour of the vase that held her pet powder? Or, again, imagine the devastating effect of finding green gourds on your mantelpiece and yellow perfume on your table, when, in fact, it is the gourds that should be yellow and the perfume green.

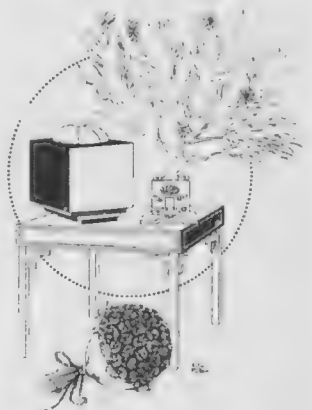
A fan, it looks beautiful in gold-coloured lace or bright-blue ditto. What seems to be a posy is a hand-bag.

Bath-Room Accessories.

"What's in a sponge?" says the careless one to whom it represents something merely from which you squeeze water to help make the business of having a bath both easy and pleasant. There's much in a sponge besides water, and don't you forget it. Just now the chief thing to remember is that the smart sponge is green—grass-green, the kind of sponge that proclaims its presence directly you enter a room; and, supposing you fell a victim to a last year's sponge that was red, put it hastily away. You must wash anyway, so you may as well do it fashionably.

A New Use for Wool.

If you have boudoir caps, prepare to scrap them now. That, in other words, means that the lace and ribbon frivolities of yesteryear have had their day. Your undressed head can no longer be concealed under a flippancy of muslin tied up with ribbon of the shade that is most becoming to your complexion. The newest substitute is an Egyptian wig of coloured wool; and if your features won't take it—well, I'm sorry for you. And remember, as an *élégante* you carry a coloured stick or umbrella with a painted handle, with, in each case, a flower knob or one that has a human face painted upon it.



Seaweed dyed gold can be used for a fan, or merely for decorative purposes; and it is not every cushion that looks like a bunch of roses.

NAVY
BLUE

LIGHT
NAVY

SAXE
BLUE

SHELL
PINK

OLD
ROSE

RUST
RED

GERANIUM
RED

GRASS
GREEN

RESEDA

LILAC

PURPLE

WINE

GREY

NIGGER
BROWN

TABAC
BROWN

DAFFODIL
YELLOW

OLD
GOLD

BLACK



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The "ARGYLL"—Graceful and becoming HAT of Bangkok, mushroom effect. Brim bound ribbon. High indented crown, trimmed ribbon band, with fringed ends each side overhanging brim. Finished with pleatings of Ribbon Velvet in contrasting shade on band in front. In many lovely shades 67/9

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Dainty Dressing Gown in wool back satin of exceedingly good quality. Trimmed spotted muslin collar and cuffs, edged Val. Lace. Made in shades of Sky, Pink, Light Saxe, 59/9 Royal and Mauve

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Lace is particularly fashionable in Paris this season, many of the smartest models being made entirely of lace over georgette and other soft clinging materials. Cream, white and black laces with foundation of bright colours showing through or laces dyed in vivid colours are much in demand.

DAINTY TEA SLIP (as sketch) for young ladies, composed of flounces of lace joined together with bands of georgette in self or contrasting colours, with floral trimming over shoulders and round waist, finished large rosette of pleated lace at side.

PRICE
£5 19 6

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BOUDOIR SHOE (as sketch) in quilted satin. In black, white, brown, pink, pale blue, saxe and vieux rose.

Price 14/9 per pair.

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IN the execution of your toilet your complexion should receive your greatest care. Many times during the day it passes under inspection, and either compels admiration and envy or induces slighting comment. It will bear the closest inspection, both of yourself and all about you, if you use Field's Fleur-de-Lys Vanishing Cream consistently.

There is no better way of obtaining a beautiful delicate complexion than by using Field's. It is a non-greasy cream that entirely vanishes by absorption. It tones and nourishes the skin, keeping it velvety soft, supple and white.

Field's FLEUR-DE-LYS Vanishing Cream

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MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE beg to announce that they have a large consignment of the newest Gossard front-lace Corsets, among which are models for every type of figure. We invite our customers to take advantage of the experience of our staff of expert corsetières and fitters. The front-lace Corset ensures perfection of line, is easily adjusted and combines the utmost support with unconscious ease and freedom of movement.

Gossard Front-lace Corset suitable for a medium or full figure of good proportion. Made in several different fittings in plain or broché materials.

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The Vest and Knickers here illustrated are made in the increasingly popular and charming gauze lace wool, which with daintiness and warmth combines durability, and washes excellently. In white or pink.

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"PAQUES."

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Size	Price
For 2 years	84/-
" 3 "	4½ Gns.
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HAT in black chiffon velvet, lined under brim with net and trimmed pink rose, and piping of blue satin, 69/6

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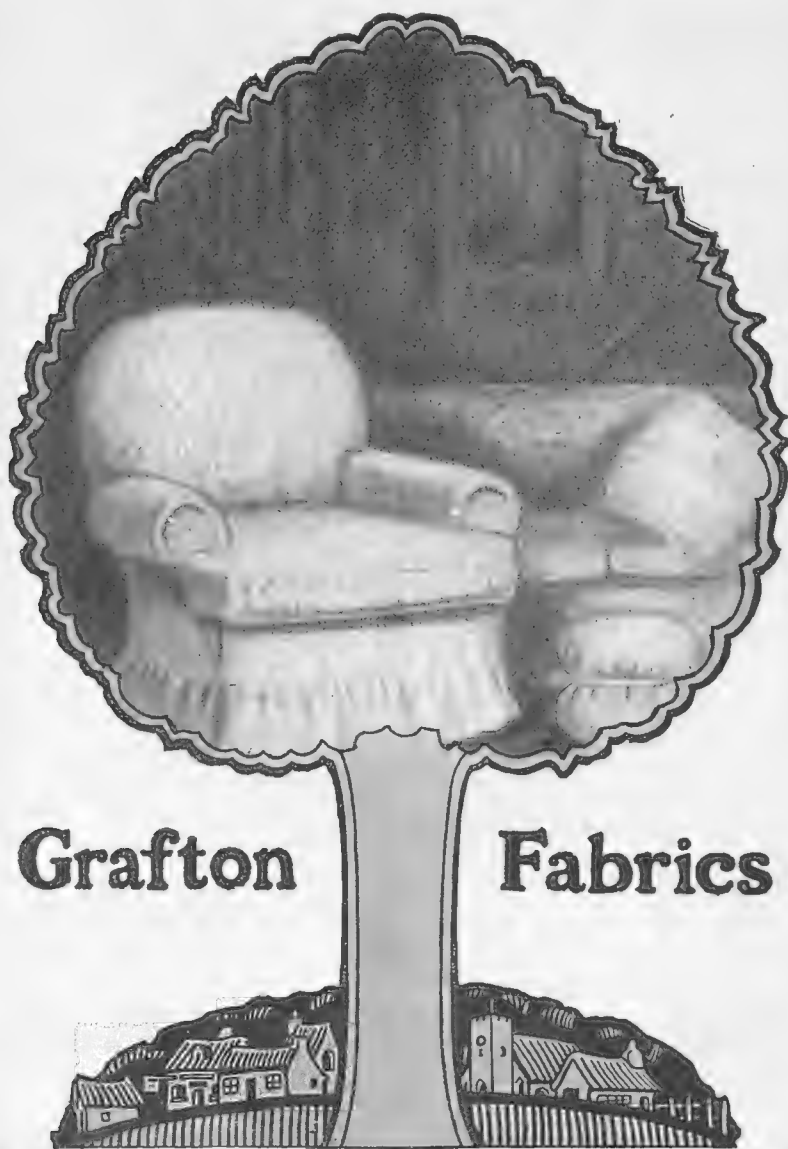
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Besides giving a natural grace of outline to the figure, this Model is the very acme of comfort. It is well boned with doubly-cased busks, and slopes slightly higher towards back to give correct shoulder support. Low bust with elastic insets. The long hip controlling skirt has elastic gussets. In Pink. Sizes 24 to 36 in.

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The Jumper and Skirt, as sketch, is beautifully knitted in pure woollen yarn in a large range of this season's colours. The skirt is knitted in the accordion-pleated stitch, and the jumper is in plain knitting with accordion pleating introduced to match skirt.

Price of Suit

84/-

The jumper and skirt can be had separately.

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These skirts are specially knitted to give perfect freedom of movement, and are ideal for Tennis and all other Sports wear.

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Dainty OVERBLOUSE in heavy quality Crêpe-de-Chine, the square yoke sleeve and basque are trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace and insertion. In ivory, lemon, champagne, mauve, and flesh.

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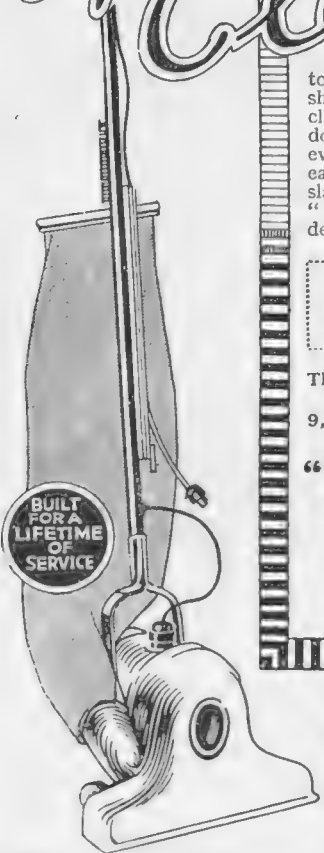
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A very charming Mushroom
Hat in fine quality Pedal
Straw in all leading shades;
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CORSELET of silk tricot, edged Valenciennes lace,

Price **25/6** and **29/6**

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Attractive Teafrock in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine which slips over the head without any fastening and has elastic at waist to fit most figures; new full-scalloped skirt trimmed corrugated ruchings to match and finished with ribbon band. In all colours and black.

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Attractive Mushroom Shape in PEDI-TAGAL, brim trimmed with contrasting colours.

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Both above Hats are stocked in Royal, Cedar, Lemon, Persian, Black, Cherry, Jade, Copper, Amethyst, Clematis, Old Blue, Mastic, Henna, Grey and Smoke.

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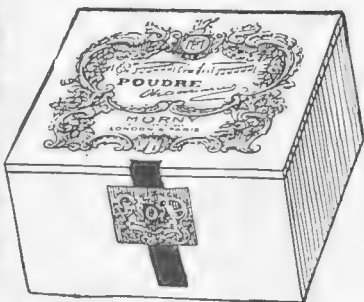
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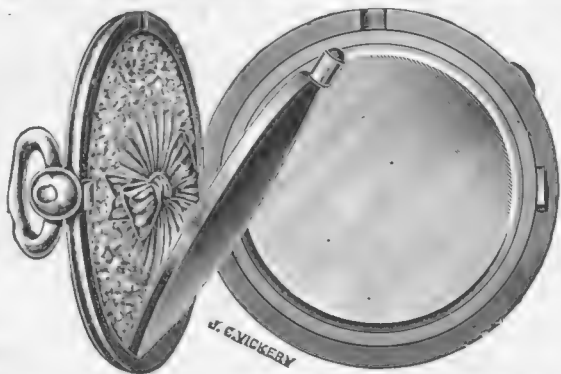
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Made in cream
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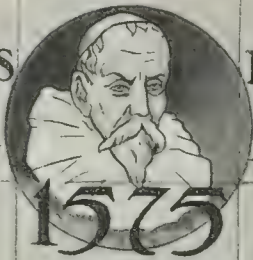
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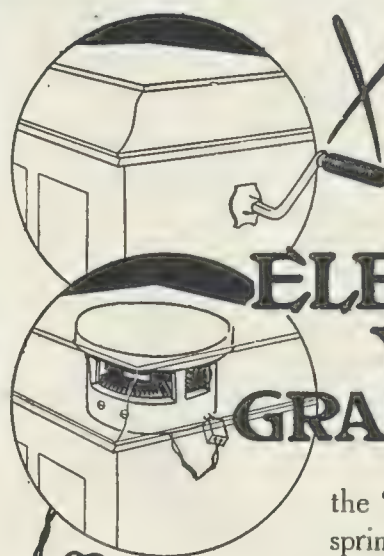
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The Cure!



THE SERGEANT: Constable X wants a new uniform, Sir; says the one he's got's gettin' too small.

THE SUPERINTENDENT: What beat is he on?

THE SERGEANT: Belgrave Square, Sir.

THE SUPERINTENDENT: Then get him transferred to Holborn.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

TALES WITH A STING—ALL FOOLS' DAY.—[Continued from p. 482.]

I don't believe a word of her story about Nugent—she made it up on the spur of the instant just to cry quits with me. I've been an awful fool!"

Bobby Raines, left stranded in the vestibule, followed Camille into the dining-hall, and touched her on the arm.

"Aw'fly sorry, Camille," he said. "'Fraid you've got to put up with me instead of Ferrol. Fact is, lady dining with me was his wife, and she's been taken seedy and got to go home—he had to take her, of course—rotten luck!"

Camille looked at him with comprehensive eyes. "Know the day of the month, Bobby?" she said. "It's the first of April. I knew something was wrong with Gassy—but he was the fool, not us." (Her grammar was not of such a high grade as her heels.)

"You're a good little sport, Camille," said Bobby gratefully. "Shall we dance?"

"Yes, come along. I don't mind telling you that I meant to turn Gaston down for another boy. He was damned dull at dinner, and I'd made up my mind to take on Keith Nugent. He told me he was dining here—asked me to a separate table as a fact, only I'd promised Gassy."

Suddenly Bobby Raines roared with laughter. "Nugent!" he gasped. "Keith Nugent! Oh, my good-garden-stuff! And he asked you to dine with him?" He was still chuckling as he put his hand lightly on Camille's white neck between the slit bodice, and glided into the waltz. A few minutes later they passed Mrs. Van Duran's table, at which the guests were still seated; but Captain Nugent was not amongst the number.

"He never turned up!" said Bobby blankly. "Certainly it is the first of April—but who is the biggest fool?"

Captain Nugent was at the moment sitting in his own rooms in the Albany, smoking a cigarette and reading the disappointing results of the Liverpool Meeting. He had dined alone, after a prudent wire to his hostess, and perhaps his reasons are best appreciated by a transcription of his inmost thoughts as he sipped his liqueur and made calculations in his betting book.

"It wouldn't have done—two hundred and fifty, not enough to pay for such an expensive girl as Camille—got the tastes of a duchess—a hundred and fifty on the National." A vision of Reena Ferrol's pretty face rose before him, and he winced a little. "She might have cared for me—seldom that I have a fit of conscience—but she's too good to waste." And then, in the inevitable reaction of his own self-denial, "I believe I've been a fool!"

[THE END.]

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Bride in Training.

The King and Queen, after giving Lancashire a generous amount of their company, went to Windsor Castle, and there spent Easter, and will remain there during the greater part of April. As we discovered last year, this does not mean that London will be deprived of the pleasure of seeing them. Their Majesties will, I am told, motor to town and keep several engagements. It will be a month of weddings, May being considered unlucky to matrimony. Early in May the Crown Prince of Japan arrives, and to his Imperial Highness every honour is to be shown. His matrimonial arrangements are made to his entire satisfaction, if not to that of all classes in Japan. His bride-to-be is spending the time of his absence in training for her great position as his wife—so America is not the only nation where there is a School for Brides.

Very Modish for Lunch.

Quite a smart place is the Maison Basque, 11 and 12, Dover Street. There is no day that some people of light and leading are not lunching there. That busy bird, that is always described as little—one knows not why—titters about the owners of several coronets concerned in the venture. Whether this is so or not, the cuisine is all right; good enough for the wearers of crowns. Delicious and varied food is provided under the superintendence of M. Paul Hahn, the well-known chef; and the Maitre d'Hôtel, who was so well known as head waiter at the Carlton—looks after the service. What would you more? Yet more there is, for always you see there pretty women wearing the gowns that have arrived (that is to say, have been chosen from the multitudinous models by the women that matter—a phrase that is as true as it is alliterative), and the smartest of the men about town.

The Day of Days, The Holiday!

No need to go away for Easter these days, unless one wants to. Convention of pulled-down blinds and pretence at being away are unnecessary. Indeed, Easter, when it came early, was always regarded as a time when one might plead comfort and spend it at the fireside in peace and quiet. This year everyone seems to have gone for choice—a holiday being a very important matter, and not to be trifled with in these post-war days. It was a kind of general post: those in the country flocked to town, and those in town made for the country and the seaside. New clothes

[Continued overleaf.]

How to keep well.

If you are depressed, languid and out of sorts, probably you are suffering from "self-poisoning" set up by food waste remaining in your body. This can be easily remedied without the use of drugs. A spoonful of "SEMPROLAX" taken daily dissolves such poisons, softens the digestive residue, and secures its regular removal from the system. "SEMPROLAX" is a pleasant conserve, as palatable as a fruit jelly. It contains no drugs, but only the purest, high-viscosity Liquid Paraffin, which is neither absorbed nor digested, and is therefore perfectly harmless even to the most delicate person.

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It is very popular at many well-known clubs. 84/- per doz. Sample ½ bottle 4/6 post paid.

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The sauce which makes a good dinner perfect



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NEVER will.

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1/2 and 2/- a Bottle.

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Hall's Distemper is applied directly upon the wall, with which it combines to give an impervious surface, hard as cement, yet soft as velvet in appearance. It contains a powerful germicide, which renders walls sterile of microbe and insect life.

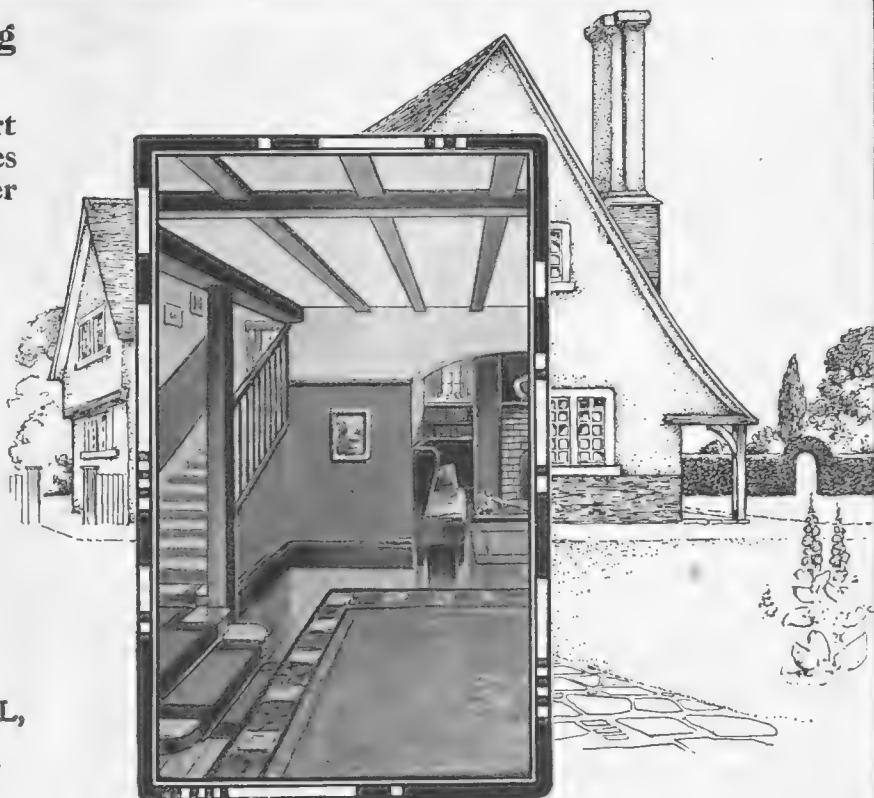
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Delicate children, who cannot digest milk, take it at once if a little Lemco be added and thrive on it.

$\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful to
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LEMCO, Thames House, London, E.C. 4.



Continued.]

appeared on men, women, and children, as if by magic—charming or fearful to see, according to the taste of their wearers. To my mind, there was too much faith about much of the feminine apparel, and too little common-sense, for our climate can be, to quote the immortal Mantalini, "demd damp, moist, and unpleasant" if it likes in the mad month of March.

Her Greatest Delight.

There is a charming woman to whom life was fast losing attraction, and all because she was putting on flesh. It was not any use telling her that it suited her. It didn't, and she knew it. The only thing a real friend could do was to find a remedy. So a real friend got her to try Ganesh reducing saltina, which is put in the daily bath. She did try it, and the result is quite satisfactory. She never moves without boxes of this wonderful stuff—or if she does, soon wires to Adair Ganesh, 92, New Bond Street, for some. The joy, she says, of not continually finding your corset getting tight, your shoes and gloves too small, hooks and eyes making strenuous effort to part company, and buttons popping like lilliput shooting galleries! This is only part of her delight, which is greatest when in her cheval glass she welcomes the return of a graceful and harmonious whole-length figure.

The New Chokers.

I was up in Liverpool lately, not altogether unconnected with the Grand National. There I met a number of smart officer-men's wives, rich business men's wives, and wives of sundry other men whose niches in life I cannot clearly define. It was noticeable that in the daytime most of them sported high neckwear. Some had real stocks of piqué or lawn, with severe tailor-built suits. Others had black taffeta stocks with plain white starched linen turned down in points at either side of the chin.



Photo. Talbot
A taffeta dress with embroidery round the shoulders and on either side of the skirt has an elegant quaintness about it.

Again there were black velvet collars with a tiny edge of white fur. Very stylish and most becoming were these high-neck arrangements. Venturing on saying so, one of the wearers very deliberately screwed in a monocle and remarked: "Dear good Woman About Town, we had to do something: our necks were getting like ancient chicken skin from exposure; but I'm glad you like what we've done!"

The Way to Sleep o' Nights.

Everyone has some theory about diet these days, for everyone finds out how much it has to do with the enjoyment of life. There are gastronomical geniuses who keep well on anything—even lobsters at midnight. Few are so blessed. What will procure sound and refreshing sleep—and that goes nearly all the way to happy, healthy days—is a cup of Allenbury's Diet before getting into bed. It is made from enriched cream milk and wheat pre-digested during manufacture; the very best vitamins are in this food. Determined cases of insomnia have been cured by it—so many that doctors have analysed it for opiates, and found none. It is made from pure natural products of the very best kind obtainable, and as nourishment and for soothing qualities is far before a quantity of food. I saw a little lady—young, but inclined to be rotund—eat a lunch of five courses, and have a large whisky-and-soda and a small ditto, instead of coffee; and I wondered, in another few months of diet like that, where her figure would be!

The Editor regrets that a portrait of Miss Hamar Greenwood in the South of France was incorrectly described in *The Sketch* of March 16. The lady whose photograph we published is not the daughter of Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland. His eldest daughter is eight years of age, and is now in London.

Would you like to look 20 years younger?

When you are standing before your Mirror, you have often smoothed upwards and backwards with the finger tips the loose skin round your eyes, mouth, etc.; and you will have quickly observed that this straightening of tell-tale lines has made you look younger.

You have observed that while holding the skin there you have looked 20 years younger and have wished that it were possible to keep your face firm for ever. Not only is it possible now, by a most scientific and highly successful method, to lift your face painlessly and harmlessly without interfering with your daily duties, but also to remove the wrinkles around your eyes and lines from nose to mouth as well as the double chin, and to correct the scragged neck and imperfect nose.

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STOCKINETTE
FROCKS
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Perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time practical and useful, specially designed for early Spring wear.

WOOLLEN STOCKINETTE FROCK (as sketch), made exclusively for Debenham & Freebody from best quality material in a good range of spring shades; the skirt is arranged with gathers at side to give extra fullness, making this model specially suitable for tennis and general sports wear.

PRICE
8½ Gns.

Catalogue post free.

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HOSE
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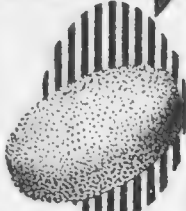
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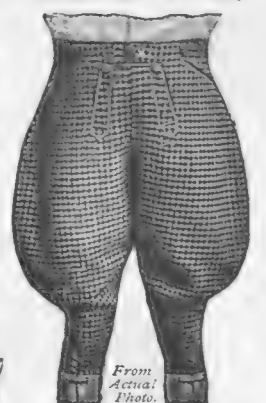
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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

RUSSIAN TRADE.

THE details of the trading agreement between this country and Soviet Russia appeared too late for us to comment on them last week, and even now we hardly know what to say about this amazing document. In Article X., the British Government apparently renounce their claim to all their own funds and property in Russia, and the recognition of claims is relegated to a kind of post-scriptum to the agreement, wherein such recognition is only delicately mentioned, and left to be dealt with at the time of a mythical general Treaty of Peace.

The agreement will bring little comfort to anybody, and there doesn't appear to be any reason to hope that Lenin will desist from stirring up trouble in Asia. The extension of revolutionary doctrine is avowedly a cardinal point in his creed. To the fact that M. Krassin has signed an undertaking that propaganda shall cease we attach no importance at all.

Practically the only advantage that we can see in the agreement is that it removes a grievance under which the Labour Party have smarted for so long.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

He stood regarding thoughtfully the huge cable-drums of Callender's that decorate the Shorter's Court entrance to the Stock Exchange.

"More telephones," he heard a member say; "more telephones and less business."

"Stuff and rubbish!" snorted another man. "Upon my soul, there is much reason in the taunt that the Stock Exchange never is anything by halves."

"Unfold yourself, my Oyster."

"When prices are good, the Stock Exchange soars to the skies in boundless optimism—"

"When they are good, they are very, very good."

"And then, after the rise is over, we can find no paint black enough to paint the picture. We swing from the heights of exuberance to the depths of pessimism, and then we wonder why it is our clients call the Stock Exchange illogical."

"I hope," remarked the first speaker, "that you don't mix your drinks as freely as you do your metaphors, otherwise—"

"If you're offering the stock, I am a small taker-in. But I do hate this ridiculous habit of ours—"

"Then why come?"

"I mean, you ass, of refusing to see any fall when things are good, and of shutting our eyes to hope when they're flat."

"The newspapers try to keep cheery, anyhow."

"They have to, because of their bread-and-butter, and printer's ink. And when I see—"

Our Stroller missed the rest of this illumination because the two lights went out of the Court, and left him alone to the cable-drums. He coughed a little to give himself courage, took off his overcoat, and, with it on his arm, went boldly up the steps and into the Stock Exchange.

"H'm," said he, having dropped into a quiet seat. "Here we are again. . . ."

Buzz of cheerful conversation filled the air. Sunshine streamed in through the windows high above the American Market. The calling of members' names by the waiters blended into the volume of general sound. Hectic bidding for Mexican Eagles came spasmodically, and not inharmoniously, from the Oil Market.

"Not so bad, are they, these markets?" observed a broker out of work, sitting next to Our Stroller.

"No, but there's nothing doing," replied our friend, with a coolness that inwardly astonished himself. "I hoped"—and he grew bolder still—"that we should see things better after Easter."

"So we shall. Bank Rate will come down soon. Must get the Boat Race over first, you know."

"Boat Race? What's that got to do with the Bank Rate? I don't trace—"

"There's so much business being done in racing of various kinds that they're afraid to lower the Bank Rate in case it might interfere with the betting."

"I think your humour is a little far-fetched, my boy. That is, if you intend it as humour. Forgive me if I misjudge you. But don't you think the Bank Rate fall has been pretty well discounted already?"

"The War Loan's had a big rise this year."

"So have Funding and Victory Bonds."

"A Six per cent. Bank Rate," remarked a man near by, "means four-and-a-half per cent. on your deposit-money at the banks, and that's not enough for most people's capital."

"Is there much money still on deposit?"

"Any quantity. You have only to look at the figures and they'll surprise you. A lot of that money has to come to the Stock Exchange when the Rate drops."

"Of course, it is going to be good for trade all round—a Six per cent. Bank Rate. It will start us talking about five per cent."

[Continued overleaf]

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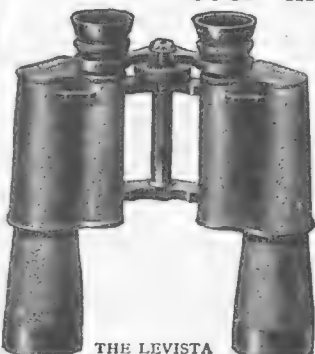
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Each model is designed on the severely plain lines that Dame Fashion has decreed to be correct for 1921; made in many new and beautiful materials; and effectively finished with embroidery in charmingly contrasted colours, narrow silky *soutache*, or with novelty buttons of various descriptions.

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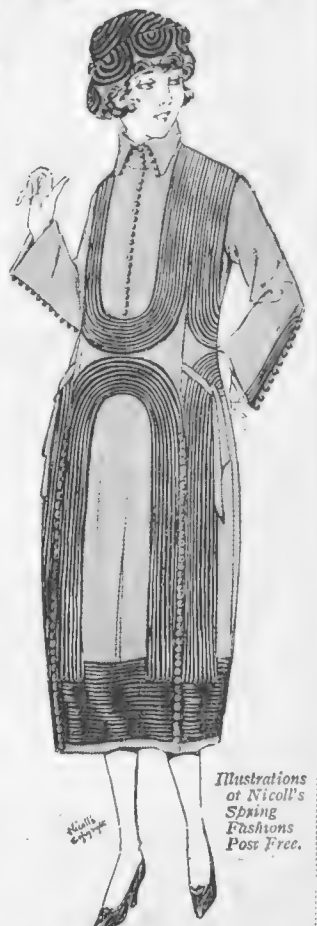
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Ladies' Patent Colt Lace Shoe, straight cap, 1 3/4 in. heel (as sketch), 29/6



Patent Colt Court Shoe, round toe, cuban heel (as sketch), trimmed oval jetted and silver slide, 29/6



Glace Kid Court Shoe, smart long front, oval slide, cuban heel (as sketch), 29/6



Ladies' Glace Kid Lace Shoe, Patent Toe Cap, 1 3/4 in. heel, in two shapes—medium and round, 29/6

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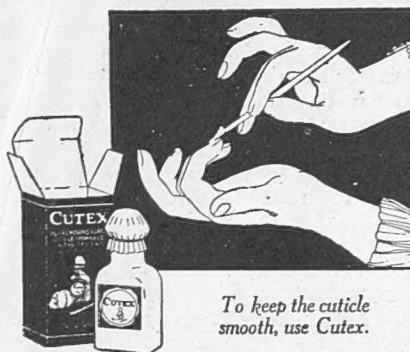
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If you like snowy-white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from its convenient tube. Spread under evenly, and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. It removes stains from underneath the nails and leaves them immaculately clean.

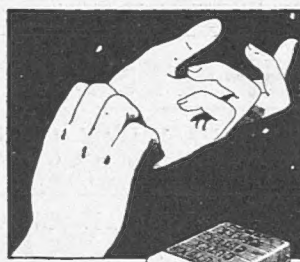
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Try it! See for yourself how quickly it gives your nails the shapeliness that everyone admires.

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Continued.]

"It must help the building trade a lot—any easing of the money position."

"Building and everything else. If only we saw our way to foreign trade bucking up, we should have a boom in this place. Fire! Fire!"

The lighted spill which he had neatly attached to the collar of his unsuspecting neighbour was sufficiently consumed to render the warning just in time. The victim nearly burnt his fingers, blushed a vivid red, and barged violently at an entirely innocent bystander.

Our Stroller slipped away as three men fell in a muddled heap on to the seat where he had been sitting.

"... to go on producing at a loss for an indefinite time," he overheard, and stopped.

"But some of the weaker concerns will have to go out of business."

"All the better for the others that can stick it. But no article of everyday use can possibly remain at a price that doesn't pay to turn it out. That's common-sense, as well as economic law."

"It seems to me that we must look for investments in such companies as have enough capital to carry them through a couple of years, say."

"Less will do. But you put it well on the safe side. We have to get the slate wiped clean of international war debts. That's the only way to get everybody's trade on to its legs again."

"I saw that idea mentioned in a paper the other day. Wasn't it *The Sketch*?"

"I don't regard *The Sketch* as a paper," Our Stroller couldn't resist saying. He laughed as the two House men turned and faced him.

"What do you call *The Sketch*, then?" demanded one.

"I call it," replied Our Stroller, backing towards a handy door, "a liberal Education."

"THE NATION'S FINANCIAL OUTLOOK:"*

We have received a copy of this book by A. B. Thornton, F.S.I. If every taxpayer would read it—and it can be done in a couple of hours—we should hear a great deal less nonsense talked about taxation and allied problems. The earlier chapters are devoted mainly to examinations of facts—or, rather, of facts, calculations, and estimates. This part of the book is exceedingly well arranged and the diagrams illuminating, and the only possible criticism is that it is, if anything, rather too condensed. When Mr. Thornton deals with trade, he shows great grasp of principles, and most of his deductions are sound. With regard to America, he points out that since the Armistice, Europe has received £3,000,000,000

* "The Nation's Financial Outlook," by A. B. Thornton, F.S.I. (Messrs. P. S. King and Son, Ltd., Orchard House, 2 and 4, Great Smith Street, Westminster; 2s. 6d. net.)

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ALHAMBRA. "ROBEY EN CASSEROLE."
GEORGE ROBEY.
Mats. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Evenings, 8.15. Gerr. 5064.

worth of goods, and Europe cannot pay. "Reaction in American export trade appears to be inevitable, and unemployment is already reported to be considerable."

When he comes to the solutions of the complicated problems which he so ably expounds, we venture to differ from many of the author's theories and deductions. For instance, he states: "Such extravagance as we often meet with to-day, by private individuals, can nearly always be traced to either (1) defects in our taxing system; or (2) evasion of a more or less fraudulent nature of taxes justly due to the State"! It would, in our opinion, need a great deal of evidence to establish this proposition, and we see no reason to accept it as an axiom.

Mr. Thornton is a very strong advocate of direct taxation. In fact, he dismisses most cavalierly the possibilities of indirect taxation (except as applied to luxuries), on the ground that they simply raise the cost of living; but he fails to appreciate that this form of taxation is the only way in which some classes of the community in any way contribute towards the cost of the advantages which they enjoy as citizens and voters. The thread, however, which runs through this book from beginning to end is the idea of a Capital Levy, and we are not quite sure whether the author considers it desirable or merely unavoidable. He admits that neither in Italy nor Germany has it proved effective, and must know that this solution was not rejected over here owing to political pressure, but because it was found that the remedy would do more harm than the disease. To what end, therefore, his suggested census of the capital wealth of individuals—or "Financial Derby Scheme," as he calls it? At best it could but offer an ever-open invitation to extremists to make use of it, and to take a course which could never save, and might easily destroy, the nation.

On page 125 he says: "Too much reliance should not be placed upon the 'Economy' remedy. . . . Economy . . . will bring much distress in its train. Firstly, it will immediately and greatly increase unemployment; and, secondly, this will re-act on trade, and subsequently on every department of our financial system. . . ." The distress which might result from economy is, in our opinion, nothing compared with the troubles which will follow if it be neglected.

Although we do not see eye to eye with the author on every point, he has unquestionably brought both knowledge and imagination to his task, and is to be congratulated on dealing with so involved a subject both clearly and concisely.

Wednesday, March 23, 1921.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

ENQUIRER.—There is no remedy at law, and the future is not very clear, but we think you would be well advised to hold on.

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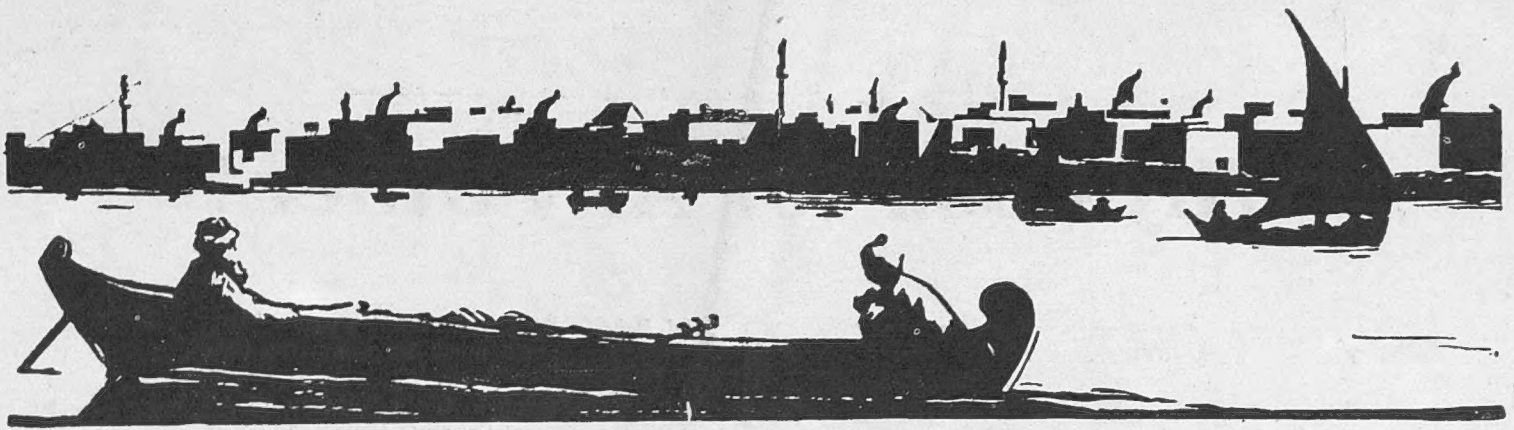
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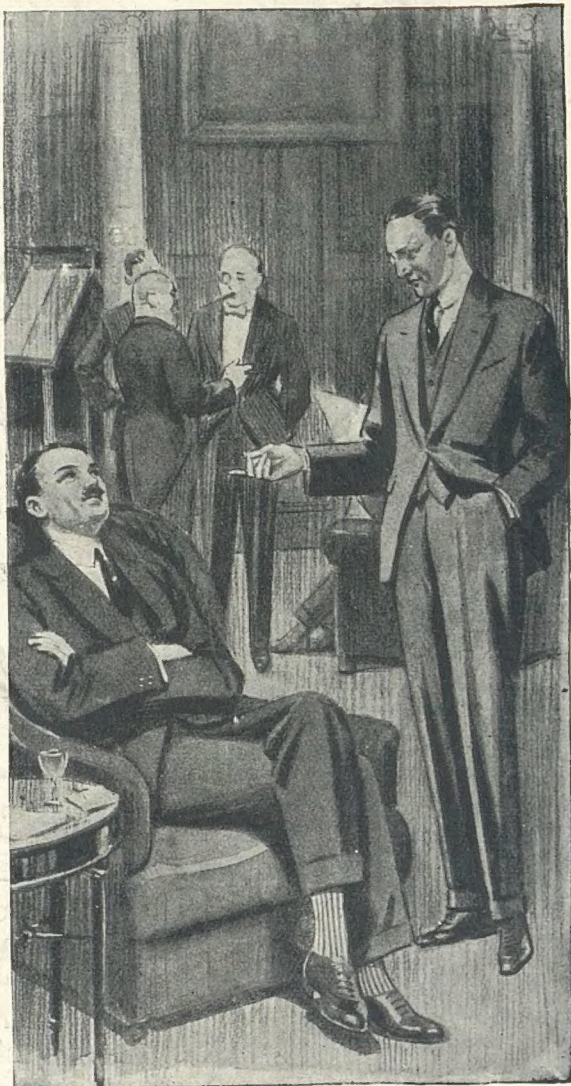
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Lord Robert : By Jove! What a name "Duggie" must have among those who *know*. Just been looking through the comments of the great Sporting Papers, and what they say about him is simply wonderful.

Sir James : Yes, the *Daily Mail* speaks of his figures for the "Double" as being the largest of any Turf Accountant, so no wonder the *Sporting Life* backs this up by naming him as "By Far the greatest Turf Accountant in the World."

Lord Robert : Our friend *John Bull* says "He's Safe as the Bank of England," and the *Tatler* advises its readers to "Select Douglas Stuart."

Sir James : Oh, they all say about the same. The *Sportsman* calls him "A pioneer and introducer of new ideas," and the *Sporting and Dramatic* chimes in by "Strongly recommending this exceedingly enterprising, liberal and reliable agency." Some praise, What!

Lord Robert : Oh, I've noticed simply dozens of similar Press comments, but the one that strikes me most is the one a few days ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who said, "His name stands for all that is Best in the Racing World."

Sir James : Considering that he is always under the limelight, the unanimity is splendid. Makes one wonder why the Backers ever look for any other.

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NO
LIMIT
II
LOST
TELEGRAM
PAID
IN FULL